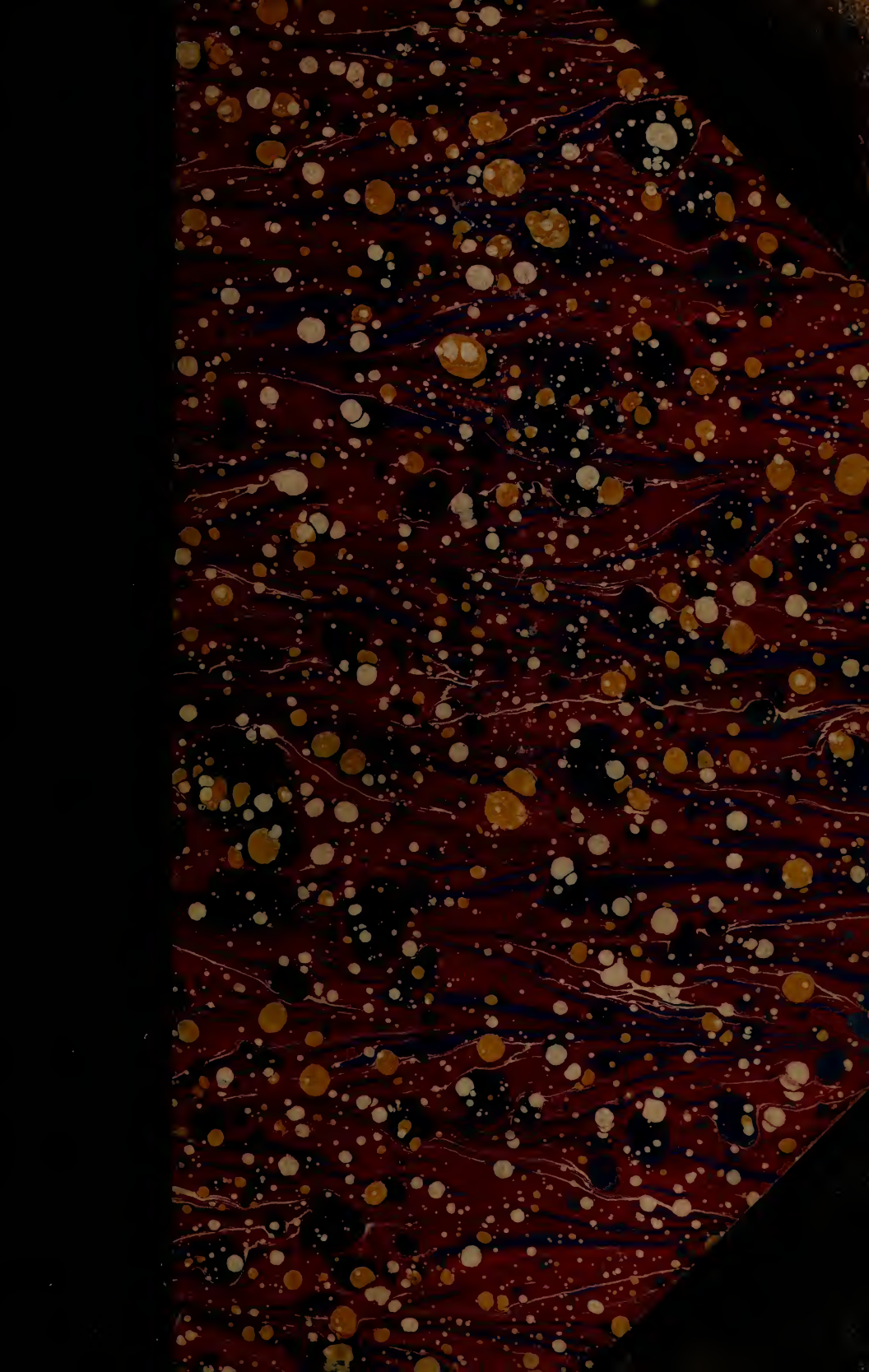

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVI, No. 2.

A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS A HISTORY OF THE IRISH PROVINCE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

FROM ITS REVIVAL SOON AFTER THE YEAR 1800.

By the Rev. John Grene, S. J.

Irish history has been said to be *invertebrate*, wanting the backbone which is furnished to the history of England (for instance) by the regular line of kings, around whom historians have found it convenient to group the successive events into chapters. In the history of the Society of Jesus a similar purpose is served by the succession of generals. Even in this fragment of the history of a small province of the *Minima Societas*, the fittest item to begin with is a list of the Irish Provincials. Strictly speaking, the first of these was Father Joseph Lentaigne who became Provincial on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1860. Ireland was previously a Vice-Province from the year 1830, and before that date a Mission. It never at any time was united with England, as is at present the case with the Redemptorists and Passionists.

SUPERIORS OF THE MISSION.

Fr. Peter Kenney, September 30, 1812
Fr. Charles Aylmer, September 29, 1817
Fr. Bartholomew Esmonde, August, 1820
Fr. Peter Kenney, September 29, 1821

VICE-PROVINCIALS.

Fr. Robert St. Leger, May, 1830
Fr. Peter Kenney, April, 1834
Fr. Patrick Bracken, May, 1836
Fr. Robert St. Leger, February 23, 1841
Fr. John Curtis, March 19, 1850
Fr. John F. French, June 24, 1856
Fr. Joseph Lentaigne, February 2, 1858

PROVINCIALS.

Fr. Joseph Lentaigne, December 8, 1860
Fr. Edmund O'Reilly, December 8, 1863
Fr. Nicholas Walsh, April 20, 1870
Fr. Aloysius Sturzo, March 18, 1877
Fr. James Tuite, July 31, 1880
Fr. Thomas P. Brown, April 21, 1883

The chief link between the Irish Jesuits who flourished before the Suppression of the Society in 1773 and those who resumed their work after the Restoration, was Father Thomas Betagh. He was not the youngest of the ex-Jesuits, for Father John Barron was only 49 years old when he died in 1798, and Father Betagh was over 60 at that date. The following seventeen are given as the survivors of the Irish Mission, as our Province was then called:—

Fr. John Ward	*died*	1775	*aged*	70
Fr. Clement Kelly	"	1777	"	69
Fr. Edward Keating	"	1777	"	69
Fr. John St. Leger	"	1783	"	70
Fr. Nicholas Barron	"	1784	"	64
Fr. John Austin	"	1784	"	67
Fr. Peter Berill	"	1784	"	72
Fr. James Morony	"	1785	"	71
Fr. Michael Cawood	"	1787	"	79
Fr. Michael Fitzgerald	"	1791	"	97
Fr. John Fullam	"	1793	"	74
Fr. Paul Power	"	1795	"	63
Fr. John Barron	"	1798	"	49
Fr. Joseph O'Halloran	"	1800	"	74
Fr. James Mulcaile	"	1801	"	73
Fr. Richard O'Callaghan	"	1807	"	79
Fr. Thomas Betagh	"	1811	"	73

These Fathers looked forward with confidence to the restoration of the beloved Society, and they husbanded carefully the resources in their hands, confiding the management of them to one of their number who gave an account of this fund when they met from time to time. Fr. John Ward filled this office very satisfactorily, and at his death in 1775 Father Fullam succeeded. Attempts were made by certain persons to obtain the control of these funds, but they were kept safe with the help of Fr. Marmaduke Stone and still more of Fr. Charles Plowden of the English Province.

These Fathers devoted themselves to missionary work and also to education in Dublin, with great success, Fr. Austin and Fr. Betagh being the most distinguished. Several youths of high promise were trained up with a view to entering the Society, especially after it had been restored in Sicily in the year 1804 by Pope Pius VI. Thither these candidates for the Society were sent from Stonyhurst, where they had been placed for their education. About this time the Father General Brzozowski wrote to Fr. Betagh a letter, which is preserved in the archives of the Irish Province, and which shows the close relations subsisting between the members of the suppressed Society in places so far apart as Dublin and St. Petersburg:—

Reverende in Christo Pater,

P. C.

"Cum summa animi mei voluptate a Patribus nostris qui sunt in Anglia accepi quam egregiam operam quamque utilem Reverentia vestra, quamquam ætate provecta, ponat in illa Domini Nostri vinea. Non dubito benevolentiam qua Episcopi Hiberniæ prosequuntur Societatem proficisci a zelo apostolico antiquorum nostrorum Patrum, sed eandem augeri per laborem indefessum quem vident a Reverentia vestra in salute animarum procuranda exantlari. Gratias igitur Reverentiæ vestræ ago quantas possum maximas pro hoc erga Matrem nostram amore. Perge, Pater Reverende, eam tuis ornare officiis et beneficiis. Para tui zeli et spiritus successores ex iis juvenibus qui in Anglia instruuntur. Certissimus est consensus Summi Pontificis quoad vestram nobiscum unionem, quidquid quidam aliter dicant vel scribant. Hoc consensu posito, cum melius profecto sit esse quam non esse, judicarem Societatem in Hibernia etiam resuscitari posse, licet caute, prudenter, et sine strepitu, ne scilicet ob hunc ipsum consensum Sanctissimo Patri novæ causentur molestiæ. Veniet tempus, et brevi quidem, quo Sancta Sedes etiam canonice scripto hanc unionem confir-

mabit. Si itaque mature præparamus socios, gaudebit tum ecclesia Hibernensium, gaudebit Societas, adesse operarios et milites qui ad prælia Domini prælianda sint parati.

R. P. Callaghan virum apostolicum saluto ac veneror. Utrique omnem divinam benedictionem precor, meque Societatemque utriusque sanctis sacrificiis commendo.

Reverentiæ Vestræ

Servus in Christo addictissimus,

THADDÆUS BRZOZOWSKI,

P. G., S. J.

Petropoli, 14 Junii, 1806.

Fr. Betagh, who then filled the office of Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Dublin, had formed high expectations in particular of Mr. Peter Kenney, then about 25 years of age. A friend said to him one day: 'Oh! Dr. Betagh what will become of us all when you go to Heaven?' 'No matter,' answered he, 'I am old and stupid, but there is a young cock coming from Sicily that will crow ten times as loud as ever I could do.'

In the ninth volume of *The Irish Monthly*, at page 441 and again at page 500 (August and September 1881) may be found an article entitled 'To Palermo and Back, Seventy years Ago,' which describes the voyage to Sicily of the first band of young Irish Jesuits of the nineteenth century. A letter is there given, dated 'Stonyhurst, July 7th, 1809,' in which the Rector, Fr. Nicholas Sewall gives 'the Rev. Mr. Betagh, Cook Street, Dublin,' an account of the departure from Liverpool in the ship *Lascelles* of Bartholomew Esmonde of Kildare, Paul Ferley of Dublin, Charles Aylmer of Kildare, Robert St. Leger of Waterford, Edmund Cogan of Cork, and James Butler of Dublin—'all young men of abilities and likely to do credit to their country.' Next follows a minute account of the voyage by Bartholomew Esmonde, then aged 19 years, and the youngest of the little company. Peter Kenney and Matthew Gahan had preceded them to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. England then occupied Sicily against France; and Father Kenney was sent on one occasion to Civita Vecchia to act as interpreter between the Pope and the English Admiral who held himself in readiness to give to His Holiness the protection of the British fleet.

Of the little band mentioned above Edmund Cogan died after a year in Sicily. The others after their ordination were fortunate enough to be at Rome on their homeward journey when the Pope restored the Society throughout the world.

They were thus among the first to resume the Jesuit dress. On the 7th of August, 1814, the Bull of Restoration was published at the Gesù where the Pope, in the presence of the Sacred College of Cardinals, celebrated Mass at the altar of St. Ignatius.

Meanwhile Fr. Betagh had died at 92 Cook Street, Dublin, Feb. 16th, 1811. He had kept an excellent school behind the houses in Fishamble Street, and amongst his pupils was Daniel Murray, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and ever a devoted friend to Fr. Kenney and the Society. Another pupil of his was Michael Blake, the restorer of the Irish College in Rome, and subsequently Bishop of Dromore in Ulster. In a sermon preached on Palm Sunday, 1811, which was printed with another in 1821, and which now lies before us, he pays a very touching tribute to 'the venerable Betagh,' as he calls him. The sermon was for the evening Free Schools which Fr. Betagh had founded and supported, and which to this day are known as Dr. Betagh's Schools. Already in 1811 more than three thousand boys had received their education in these schools, which have been continuing their work ever since. Dr. Blake speaks of 'the man who established that Institution, who cherished the objects of it with the affection of a parent, who superintended their instruction, who rewarded the most promising of them by a classical education, who at the age of seventy three [1] would sit down in a cold damp cellar every night to hear the lessons of these children, and contrived to clothe forty of the most destitute of them every year at his own expense.' After describing the patriarch's holy death the young priest —who himself lived for fifty years after—gives a wonderful account of the grief shown by the people, 'the crowds which, at all hours of the day and night and under the most heavy incessant rain, were seen pouring in from every quarter of the city to the house where his body lay.' His funeral testified to the extraordinary veneration in which he was held by all classes. [2]

But we have given an undue amount of our space to Father Betagh. We do so because he was the chief connecting link between the old and the new Society in Ireland. Another of the Fathers during the interregnum, Fr. Mulcaile, translated Feller's Philosophical Catechism into English. Fr. Callaghan, whom Fr. Brzozowski in the letter

[1] He was born at Kells in Co. Meath, in the year 1738.

[2] An eye-witness, still living at a very advanced age, tells of a white dove that was seen peering into the open grave, which, when it was closed, suddenly disappeared.

quoted before, salutes and venerates as a *vir apostolicus*, had suffered for the Faith in the Philippine Islands.

After their return from Sicily in 1812 Fathers Kenney, Dinan, and Gahan resided at No 3 George's Hill, Dublin, which house is now a portion of the schools of the Presentation Nuns. The Jesuits before and during the Suppression had long been connected with that parish of St. Michan, and they officiated in the Parish Church, formerly in Mary's Lane, but removed long since to North Anne Street. Fr. Kenney was Superior of the Irish Mission of the Society. Another pupil of Fr. Betagh's, Dr. Daniel Murray, had been appointed Coadjutor to Dr. Troy, the Archbishop of Dublin ; and yet in June, 1812, he was persuaded by the Bishops to become president of Maynooth College. He yielded, it is said, on condition that Fr. Kenney should help him as vice-president. In the College Calendar Fr. Kenney's appointment is assigned to the following November. Their term of office was intended to be brief, but it left its mark on the College, and no doubt had a share in the immense veneration with which Fr. Kenney's name is still remembered among the priests of Ireland. The meditations which the Vice-President proposed during that year to the students were eagerly copied, and are not even yet forgotten or disused.

The money mentioned before as having been carefully husbanded during the Suppression was expended on the purchase of Castle Browne or Clongowes Wood, in County Kildare, 16 Irish miles, or 27 English miles from Dublin. It is now known by its older name of Clongowes or Clongowes Wood, [1] but at the time it was called Castle Browne, from the old Catholic family who had owned it, and of whom the head then was General Browne in the service of the King of Saxony. Captain Wogan Browne is at this present moment a Catholic Officer in the British army. The Brownes had been in possession for two hundred years, being preceded by another Catholic race, the Eustaces, whose name still survives in the small town of Ballymore Eustace not far distant. The purchase of Clongowes was completed in 1813, but some time was spent in preparing it for its new destiny. The first pupil entered on the 14th of May, 1814. We should gladly mention the boy's name if tradition had handed it down.

There lies before us a fragment of a diary kept by some

[1] I have heard that a Jesuit belonging to a part of the world where frame-houses are used, when he heard of Clongowes Wood College, expressed surprise that a large college like that should be made of such frail materials.

one at Clongowes two years after. Some little bits of internal evidence seem to point to Fr. Charles Aylmer as its author; and, comparing the handwriting with that of Father Aylmer's 'Journal of a Tour in Sicily,' which chances to come under our eyes at this moment, the two manuscripts seem to be written by the same person. The Sicilian Journal is dated three years earlier, September, 1813. We notice in it that Fr. Aylmer was already a priest in his 29th year, having been born in 1784. This fragment of a journal ends with a lovingly minute description of the shrine of St. Lucy, at Syracuse; and this is another proof of identity between Fr. Aylmer and the Clongowes Diarist, for it explains what had previously surprised me—namely, why in the Diary December 13th is called 'St. Lucy's Day,' no other saint of November and December being thus mentioned except of course St. Stanislaus and St. Francis Xavier.

The diary begins on October 1st, 1816, giving the *status domus* at full length. Fr. Peter Kenney, Superior of the whole Society in Ireland, prefect of higher studies, preaches every week to the pupils. Fr. Aylmer is the Minister and Fr. Claudius Jantard is Spiritual Father—a Frenchman who seemed a patriarch in the youthful community, as another old scrap of paper tells us he was born in 1740, and entered the Society in 1756 before Choiseul and Pombal and the Devil had got their will.[1] Fr. James Butler is Professor of Moral and Dogmatic Theology. Fr. Paul Ferley is Professor of Logic and Metaphysics; and curiously enough it is announced that he is to preach on the next Good Friday still half a year distant. Fr. Matthew Gahan is described as missioner in the parish of St. Nicholas, Francis Street, Dublin, and confessor to the Nuns at Harold's Cross and Summer Hill—the former still the home of the Poor Clares, the latter the first beginnings of the Irish Sisters of Charity. The four remaining priests in the Clongowes Community seventy years ago were Fathers Robert St. Leger, W. Dinan, Bartholomew Esmonde (Superior of the Scholastics), and John Ryan a missioner in St. Paul's Parish, Arran Quay. Among the Scholastics, the masters and prefects were Brothers Frazer, Levins, Connor, Bracken, Sherlock, Moran, Mullen, and McGlade. Several of these were following the theological classes at the same time, and others were applied exclusively to their studies; of these last two survived to our own time, dying only two or three years ago, nonagenarians—Robert Haly and John Curtis. A third was the first of all to die, the first buried in the rustic graveyard of old

[1] He died at Clongowes in 1821, aged 81.

Mainham— Nicholas Fitzharris who had been a Maynooth student during Fr. Kenney's vice-presidency and followed him when he left the College.

The Diary begins with All Saints' Day 1816, mentioning that the number of scholars was then 194. On the feast of St. Francis Xavier it is recorded, 'J. Heaney came to the house and completed the 200 scholars who are in all on the list 201, in the house 199.' Among these were Joseph Lentaigne who was our first Irish Provincial, and his brother who died recently, Sir John Lentaigne; also Frank Mahony ('Father Prout') and James Lynch, now Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare.

The manner in which Fr. Aylmer's opinion is reported in the following passage is one of my reasons for thinking that Fr. Aylmer wrote the Diary. 'The letter from Mr. Kenney on the 3rd was to desire the opinions of Fathers Ferley, Butler, and Aylmer with regard to his preaching a charity sermon in Cork at the request of the Bishop, Dr. Murphy, and, consequent to his accepting that of Cork, another in Limerick. The two former were of opinion that both ought to be accepted; the latter said he did not entirely agree with them, because he thought that Mr. Kenney's frequent absence from the College, where he had so often declared that all were too young and not to be depended upon, was highly injurious. As to the propriety of preaching both sermons, Mr. Kenney himself could alone determine, as he alone knew the circumstances and situation of affairs.'

The diary, which records very minutely everything about the examinations and the health of the boys and sundry other matters, ends with the 13th of December. On the same day it is said: 'We heard that Mr. Kenney had got possession of Hardwick Street Chapel.' A week before, we read: 'Miss McMahon still in Hardwick St. Much opposition made to this establishment by the priests of the parish.'

These entries refer to the first Dublin sanctuary of the Society after its Restoration. It was already a holy spot. The Poor Clares who are now serving God according to their holy state at Harold's Cross, near Dublin, carried out their vocation even amidst the terrors of the Penal Laws. In 1752 some of them who were living in North King Street removed to the house of Major Favier in Drumcondra Lane, now called Dorset Street. 'After a few years', say their annals, from which the Mother Abbess has copied this extract for us, 'they built a neat chapel with eight cells over it at the cost of £800. In the year 1804, October 19th, the com-

munity was transferred to Harold's Cross; and their chaplain, the Rev. Bernard McMahon, took a lease of the chapel and celebrated Mass there until his death. He had the eight cells prepared for his accommodation as a residence. The gentlemen of Clongowes College are now in possession of it, the entrance being in 38 Hardwick Street, which has been built on the site of our kitchen garden that stood at the rear of the convent.'

This, the first public Jesuit chapel in Ireland since the Restoration, is still easily recognized in the middle of Hardwick Street (No. 38). When St. Francis Xavier's Church was opened in 1832, our Fathers used the Hardwick Street House as a day school till 1841, when Belvedere College was opened at No. 6 Great Denmark Street. It became subsequently a Methodist chapel, and is now a National school under Protestant auspices. It was here that Fr. Kenney preached some of his first sermons with that massive eloquence which has made his name so profoundly respected by the Irish priests and people. Next to him as a preacher was Fr. Esmonde, who began in the miserable little thatched parish chapel of Mainham.

In 1817 Fr. Fidelis Grivel was sent as Visitor to England and Ireland. He made Fr. Aylmer Rector of Clongowes with Fr. Matthew Gahan as Minister. In some unpublished reminiscences of Fr. Haly we learn that Fr. Aylmer changed the dinner hour from half past 12 to half past 3 o'clock. But after Fr. Aylmer's rectorship it was changed back to the earlier hour.

Amongst the founders of Clongowes a high place belongs to Fr. James Butler. He was a man of extraordinary ability and devotedness, and inspired masters and scholars [1] with some of his own energy. His health gave way, and he died on the 22nd of August, 1821, aged 31½ years: for his birthday was the feast of St. Stanislaus 1790.

Just before this, Fr. Aylmer had been chosen to take part in the procuratorial congregation at Rome. The Russian Tsar had turned against the Jesuits whom he had before befriended when all the world was against them. Fr. Aylmer arranged that three of the Fathers banished by Russia should come to Ireland—Fathers Casimir Hlasko, Francis Stackhowsi and a fine-looking young Father whose Christian name was Adam, says Fr. Haly. With this help a

[1] One of these translated the whole of Cicero's oration *Pro Milone* into Greek which won the admiration of a Fellow of Trinity College. Another (Jeremiah John Murphy), afterwards Master in Chancery, composed rapidly at a T. C. D. examination, some eighty or a hundred excellent Greek hexameters on a given subject.

school of theology was opened, and six English scholastics were sent over to join it—John Weston, John Scott, Henry Brigham, William Waterton, (brother to the famous traveller and naturalist,) James Carr, and Bernard Addis. These all completed their theological course in Ireland, and retained ever after very pleasing memories of their Irish sojourn.

When Fr. Robert Fulton S. J., Provincial of Maryland and New York, came to Ireland as Visitor in 1886, the opening words of his first exhortation to the Fathers and Brothers in St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, were these: 'In Georgetown College, our oldest college in the United States, in the most prominent place in the refectory, hangs the portrait of the Irish Fr. Kenney as a memorial of his visitation of the Province of Maryland, then the only one in America, and of the gracious results of that visitation.' He then with discreet humility went on to emphasize the inequality of the return, describing Fr. Kenney's mission as productive of method and organization. In reality, Fr. Kenney was sent twice to America as Visitor, first by Fr. General Thaddæus Brzozowski in 1819, when he returned after a few months, and again in 1830 by Fr. Roothaan, when he spent three years in his arduous and delicate office, to the satisfaction of all. At some special season of difficulty during his American exile he seems to have written despondingly to the General; for Fr. Roothaan writes to him from Rome on the 12th of May, 1832, in the following terms:—

'Quamprimum deletam ex animo R^ae^ Vestræ cupio suspicionem quasi R^ae^ V^ae^ parum fiderem. Quomodo potuit R^ae^ V^ae^ hoc persuaderi? Quodnam majus fiduciæ documentum dare possum quam nominando Visitatorem, et Visitatorem in partibus tam remotis? Ego vero profiteor et fiducium me habuisse cum Reverentiæ Vestræ munus tam difficile demandarem, et hanc meam fiduciam ex iis quæ huc usque isthic gessit esse confirmatam et auctam. Plane enim prudenter et juxta mentem nostram R^a^ V^a^ res gerit.'

Again on the 23rd of October, in the same year, he writes:—'Ad consolationem R^ae^ V^ae^ dicam quod ex variis Missourianis litteris magna animi lætitia intellexerim optimum exitum habuisse Visitationem, præsertim quod ad cordis dilatationem et animarum conjunctionem firmandam multum conduxerit.'

Finally, in a letter of Father Roothaan, dated from Rome, 21st September, in the following year, 1833, this phrase occurs:—

'Gratulor de laboribus in Americæ Visitatione exantlatis

cum Dei gloria et illorum Nostrorum utilitate plurima. Dominus retribuet.'

Fr. Kenney, who had been Superior of the Irish Mission almost continuously since 1812,— Fr. Aylmer filling the office for three years after September 29th, 1817, and Fr. Esmonde for a year after 1820—upon his return from America, became the second Vice-Provincial in April, 1834, the first Superior, when Ireland became a Vice-Province in 1830, being Fr. Robert St. Leger, who had a second term of nine years before 1850, between Fr. Bracken and Fr. Curtis. He it was who later became Vicar-Apostolic of Calcutta.

It was chiefly between his two trips across the Atlantic—which at that time was considerably broader than it is accounted nowadays — that Fr. Kenney acquired his great and solid reputation as a preacher. In his style of eloquence, and especially in his slow and weighty delivery, he resembled O'Connell far more than Sheil. His retreats to the clergy were eagerly sought for. An aged Bishop recalls in particular the overmastering tenderness and vehemence of his apostrophes to the crucifix, which he delivered with streaming eyes on some occasions; and he declares that his vivid recollection of Fr. Kenney's preaching had made him unable to relish any other preacher however eminent, even Fr. Thomas Burke himself. Fr. Aylmer, himself a most effective preacher, used to say that his greatest humiliation was to be obliged to preach from the same altar-steps from which Fr. Kenney had electrified the congregation the Sunday before. Naturally the crowd on such occasions overflowed into Hardwick St. Grattan is said to have expressed great admiration for Fr. Kenney's eloquence; and an eminent literary man declared that to listen to one of his well-prepared discourses was an exquisite intellectual treat. We may emphasize the phrase 'well-prepared' as an excuse for remarking that the impressions of some who heard him when he was forced to speak without due preparation run counter to these enthusiastic testimonials. Fr. Kenney's personal character had no doubt a large share in the effectiveness of his words. He was the trusted counsellor of very many among the priests and Bishops of Ireland. His own Archbishop, Doctor Murray, placed unlimited confidence in his life-long friend. When he wished to bring the famous J. K. L. round from certain peculiar opinions, Dr. Doyle and Fr. Kenney were invited to dine at the Archbishop's house in North Cumberland

Street,[1] where the points in question were discussed with the greatest fulness and candor (as we are assured), with the result desired.

However, we must not forget that this rapid and unmethodical sketch is not a biography of Peter Kenney, S. J. Will the purpose for which it is written allow a few particulars about some other Jesuits of this century?

(*To be continued.*)

TEXAS.

GONZALES, Jan. 31st, 1887.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Our little church in Gonzales, favored by its titular patron, St. Joseph, has prospered in many ways since its humble beginning some four years ago. Then there were but about fifteen communicants within a radius of ten miles, of whom at least one half have sought other and more promising localities. In the jubilee mission given last June we numbered thirty-five communions. Then there was but little hope of erecting a house of God, as three priests had attempted it in vain, and but one family, seven miles off encouraged and urged the undertaking. They gave money, time and labor to the cause. Now we have a church roofed, floored, benched, a nice altar with three colored statues, those of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, Our Lady of Lourdes and St. Joseph. Our sacristy has all the vestments save the green, all the sacred vessels for Mass, communion and benediction, an ample supply of church linen, candelabra, flowers and vases. We have a library of three hundred volumes, an organ with a well-trained choir, stations of the

[1] *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* Not even a curate would lodge in Cumberland Street now. Dr. Murray soon removed to Mountjoy Square where he died. We may stow away in this footnote a circumstance connected with Fr. Kenney's death, which has just been communicated to us. Fr. Manfredini told our informant that, when Fr. Kenney was at Rome in 1841, he fell ill, and the doctor proposed to bleed him. The patient thought it his duty to inform Fr. Manfredini that his medical adviser had warned him that it would be fatal to him to be bled. Fr. Manfredini referred the matter to the General, Fr. Roothaan, who, when Fr. Kenney repeated the statement, said, 'we shall call in a second physician, and what they both advise shall be done, for they understand best the climate and the present circumstances of the case.' It was decided that the patient should be bled. He submitted cheerfully and within twenty-four hours he was dead, 19th Nov., 1841, aged 62.

cross, a belfry fifty-three feet high to the top of the cross and a bell weighing 760 pounds, presented by a Catholic of San Antonio on condition of our erecting the belfry. We have just built a little parsonage, twenty-four by sixteen feet, of which eight feet are partitioned off for a sleeping apartment; and all this, not counting the vessels, ornaments and similar things, has cost us in money about $2300. When I went north to attend the Provincial Congregation, I had no hope of returning; and all the way the train seemed to chant a melancholy refrain that sounded like 'farewell to Texas, farewell to Texas.' But, contrary to all my forebodings, the Very Rev. Vicar-General permitted me to come back under certain considerations. One of these was that I should spend a certain time each year at one of our houses. I have just returned from a visit to Galveston, where our kind Fathers received me with all the warm charity of the Society; and it is because the good Rector, Fr. O'Connor urged it on me that I send you this letter. I could scarcely believe that my labors were worthy of mention in a periodical that chronicles the Missions of the North-West with all their rigorous hardships.

I attend three churches and three outlying stations. In the month of November I rode in three northers, being caught in the first in summer clothing. From here I go to Luling, next day to Lockhart, where a poor box-house unfit for a negro school is dedicated to St. Ignatius. Oh, how poor the church, how indifferent the people! I had to spend $10 in replacing the broken panes, and to provide benches at a cost of $30. I received there about $3 for myself. From that place I ride back to Luling and on the ensuing day I go to Seguin where my confessor resides. When business requires it I leave my horse there and go by rail to San Antonio; otherwise I ride back to Luling on Thursday. In November, I was caught half way—the distance is twenty-five miles—by a norther, and found on my arrival a sick call to a Mexican living seven miles in the country. I slept that night at an adjoining farm and rode back next morning in the teeth of the norther. I had to buy an overcoat that cost me $10, groaning at the thought of so much lost to the church. On Sunday, Mass was preceded all morning by confession and Communion; and then after a cup of coffee, I went to Nixon's ranch to preach to Protestants who did not come, so wet and cold was the weather. Next morning I rode in the rain to Coe valley, fifteen miles, to say Mass on the following day for six or seven Polish families. The following day I said Mass at Blakeslee farm, and asked them to wake

me very early next morning, that I might go to Salt Creek to some four or five Mexican families whom I had promised to visit; the poor people had not heard Mass for five years. That night a fearful norther arose, and it was intensely cold. My hosts awoke me betimes, but entreated me not to venture out. At first I yielded, but my conscience pricked me sorely, and by 8 o'clock I was in the saddle, and seven miles off. Where the road was doubtful I found a Mexican awaiting me as guide. He had been there two hours and his only salutation, *Padrecito, hace mucho frio*, was a reproach to my wavering. How glad I was not to have disappointed him. By noon I had said Mass and after a cup of coffee started to return a twelve miles ride on an empty stomach. The coffee I could drink; but the meat!—I can eat javelina, rattlesnake, anything properly cooked; had it been prepared Mexican fashion, that is, with a fiery pepper sauce, I should have been grateful, but they had tried to do it *al Americano* and it was a dismal failure. Next Sunday, the third Sunday of the month, I said Mass here at Gonzales, and on Monday morning rode down to Cuero, thirty miles away, beginning a Jubilee mission that evening that lasted till Monday evening ensuing. On Tuesday I rode back; on Wednesday to Luling, and on Thursday to Lockhart to resume my monthly circuit. During that month I had ridden on my dear old Careto three hundred and fifty miles.

Our Christmas here was full of consolation. Our choir had rehearsed Millard's Mass, and my people had observed their Advent strictly though parties and theatrical companies tantalized them greatly. Our statues had arrived and only awaited the brackets to be mounted. On the Saturday previous I had taken up a dime collection through the city to defray the expense of a dinner at the poor-house, where there are four Catholic inmates, who are very edifying by their patience and fervor. I take them Communion monthly. On Christmas eve we waited till a late hour for a delayed train to bring the brackets, and finally took down our little scaffolding. By 10 o'clock I had my little altar adorned and ready. At 11.30 standard time—I am sacristan and bell-ringer—I rang out the first bell that ever tolled for midnight Mass in Gonzales. Even the Protestants call it by its name, San Gabriel, and begin and end the daily toil at its bidding. How beautiful, how consoling that Mass! The religious music, the blazing altar — thirty-six lights — the profound adoration of our few Catholics, caused a hushed awe in the many Protestants, who drawn by curiosity, found (may we not hope?) the first stirrings of grace in their

hearts. Confession and Communion, 8 o'clock Mass, high Mass at 10.30, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Angelus, and it was over. 'Oh Father,' some of my converts told me, 'not even in First Communion did I have such consolation.' After that I rode out to the poor-house where I had claimed and had been accorded the favor of waiting on the poor brethren of the Lord, and eating with them my Christmas dinner. Happy Christmas!

F. P. Garesche.

MICHIGAN.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.,
February 1st, 1887.

Rev. and Dear Father Sabetti,
P. C.

Will you please grant a little of your precious time to one of your former pupils, to tell you some of his whereabouts and doings since, in June, 1873, he said farewell to dear Woodstock College, where, amidst kind Fathers and beloved Brothers, he spent three of the happiest years of his life. I left you to go to Fordham to be one of the Prefects of the first Division until July, 1873. My greatest exploit during that year was to preach my first sermon in English, and this before the boys, and on Good Friday evening, on the Passion of our Lord. Thence I went to St. Mary's College, Montreal, to teach a Latin class, where I stayed until September, 1875, and exercised some ministry besides. Then my Superior ordered me to leave my class and go to Guelph, where I remained attending the missions and giving some retreats to children and Nuns, until Aug. 1877. Whilst in Guelph I received three Protestants into the Church. Thence I went to the Novitiate to make alone my third year of probation, having at the same time to be chaplain to the young ladies in the convent of the Sacred Heart at the Sault au Recollet, and giving besides some retreats to children in convents, to people and Nuns. During that year I had the happiness of receiving into the Catholic Church a Protestant young lady boarding and studying at the Convent—a heroine who faced all kinds of persecution to follow the voice of God.

On the 9th of August, 1878, after I, with two of my

brothers, priests, six other brothers and four sisters, many children and grandchildren, etc., had celebrated the golden jubilee of my father and mother, I arrived here in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., where I have been since. I found here the good old Fr. Martin Ferard, who had been here for five years, after he had spent several years among the Indians. He was living in his new pastoral residence, which he built himself at the cost of more than $3000. I was left here alone in the beginning of September, 1878, to take charge of the parish and surrounding missions. The parish with the missions extends from the mouth of St. Mary's River in Lake Huron to Grand Marais on Lake Superior one hundred and fifty miles, extending south some thirty miles, into a country not altogether settled. Although fifteen years ago there were not five farmers, one wonders to-day to find so many who possess such beautiful farms, several having more than one hundred acres cleared, with fine houses and barns. The soil around here is most fertile. But there are two great drawbacks for the farmers, a late spring and an early fall which often enough do not allow the abundant crops to reach their maturity, and a want of railroad facilities for transporting their products. Some got discouraged and left. But the building of the railroad will soon give them an outlet. The population has been increasing yearly. We have now in the parish more than three hundred Catholic families of fifteen thousand souls, and one hundred Catholic families spread in ten missions. Our charge is composed of some six hundred Half-breeds, four hundred Irish, three hundred French Canadians, one hundred and fifty Indians, a few Scotch and Germans, and one negro, with plenty of cockle among the good seed. The Protestants outnumber the Catholics; the lion and the lamb, however, live in peace together. My nearest neighbor on the east until last year was the priest of Point St. Ignace about ninety-six miles from here; on the west, is the Bishop of Marquette, one hundred and fifty miles distant; on the south, the nearest priest is unknown yet; on the north, beyond the River, which is about two and a half miles wide, is Fr. Chambon, S. J., who attends the Canadian Sault, having about fifteen Catholic families.

I give some details of the work done here since September, 1878. I found an old frame church falling down, and an old small school house to which Fr. Ferard had made a small addition; few people coming to high Mass, most to the low Mass of 8 o'clock, probably because as there was no sermon at the low Mass it was shorter. I made it a point

to preach at both Masses, so now none escape. I gave them a retreat which ended on the 8th of December, 1878, with an increase of piety. Then I had to prepare to build a new church, the existing one being too old and too small. It was a very hard work to begin with not a cent in the treasury of the church, and the people poor and unaccustomed to give. But where there is a will there is a way; I armed myself with courage. We prayed together. I had two cows, which I raffled in February, 1879, for the benefit of the new church, and succeeded in obtaining $500. Then we had three bazaars; I took a voluntary subscription; I had all the stone for the foundations hauled for nothing. The first of June, 1881, having in my safe $6000, I began to build a brick church, gothic in style, 115 x 50 feet, with a vestry 20 x 36 feet, 47 feet from floor to ceiling, and with a steeple 143 feet high. The corner stone was blessed by Bishop Vertin on the 13th of July. On the 24th of December, the church was built, but not plastered, nor was the tower finished outside; and all paid so far. The old pews were brought in; and the school children gave an entertainment for the benefit of the new church, which was very successful; and on Christmas night we had service in it. On Christmas day 1881, Rev. Thomas Ouellette, S. J., of Garden River, began in the new church an eight days' retreat, which was carried out with great success. In 1882, I took up a subscription to finish the tower. In 1883, we had a bazaar, and I took up another voluntary subscription, which brought enough to plaster the church, to put in new pews made of ash and stained birch, and to complete the church inside. It was dedicated—not consecrated, although it could have been, as there was no debt on it—by the Bishop on the 3rd of September, 1883. During the month of October, of this same year, Rev. J. Reynel gave to my people an eight days' retreat with much fruit. Early in the year 1884, I warned my good people that during the following week I should go around and take the names of the families that were willing to put a stained-glass window in the church with their name upon it; in less than three hours I had more names than I wanted. So I ordered the stained-glass windows, which were put in in July. I am told that St. Mary's Church is the finest church in the upper Peninsula of Michigan. It has cost over $15,000, although some guessers thought it must have cost over $20,000. During July of that same year 1884, Rev Fr. Weninger gave to my people an eight days' retreat, resulting in the great fruits that always accompany his retreats.

During that same summer I built a small frame church at Detour, a station at the mouth of St. Mary's River, sixty miles from here; all paid for when built. I obtained gratis from Protestants one acre of land beautifully situated on a hill where the church now stands. I obtained in the same way from a Catholic two acres of ground for a cemetery, a short distance from the church. This station was taken off our hands last June by the Bishop, where Rev. Fr. Jacker, one of his own priests, is residing now. The church was dedicated on the 1st of September 1884 by the Bishop, under the title of the Sacred Heart. In the summer of 1885, I built here at the cost of $2,842 a new school-house 51 x 40 ft. veneered in red brick, three stories high, with four class rooms, a chapel and a dormitory in the upper story. It was blessed and occupied in the beginning of October. I had to repair the house for the Sisters at the same time at a cost of $500. The expenses were all paid when the work was done. In the same summer after having obtained gratis from a Protestant a lot of ground ninety feet front by one hundred and fifty feet deep, nicely situated in a village called Pickford Settlement, twenty-four miles south of us, I built upon it a small frame church for our Catholic farmers, and opened it with blessing and service on the 18th of October of the same year. It was dedicated last 12th of July by the Bishop under the title of the Immaculate Conception. I received also one acre of ground for a cemetery, gratis. All the different stations were attended by me until 1881; since that time I had for help Fr. Chambon, S. J., until August, 1885, when he was replaced by Father Santerre, S. J., who in his turn was replaced in August, 1886, by Father Richard, S. J. I have yet nearly all the sick-calls, and I have to provide for churches to be erected where there are none. The greatest blessing of last year, was the nine days' retreat for the Jubilee given in August by Rev. Frs. Damen and Van der Erden; they made a most fruitful havoc among my people. They brought back to their God a great many big sinners. The church was crowded with catholics and Protestants every night. Eight hundred went to communion at the end. As 1886 has been a year of grace there was a good deal of piety. I have reconciled twelve couples who had been married outside of the church, some of whom had been excommunicated.

The following acquisitions have been made for the Society. In 1881, I acquired one acre of land for $75 on the River shore a short distance below the church, which is

worth now over $3000. In 1883, *S. Josepho favente*, I obtained gratis from Mr. Thomas Ryan's family, ten acres of land magnificently situated on a beautiful hill back of the town, about a mile from the church, on which at some future day we may build a college. Of course, it was only prospective for the needs of the future that I acquired this property; but would you believe it, the Bishop has chosen the Sault for such institution? Lately he urged my superior to begin the work next spring. But Rev. Fr. Hudon answered that he thought it was better to postpone the work to some other year. These ten acres will soon be worth $10,000. The same year, I obtained in the same way from Mr. William Shaw and wife some twelve acres of land advantageously situated on the St. Mary's River about three miles from the future college, for the purpose of building upon them a country house, where the students could go to recreate themselves. Last November I bought forty acres of land for $650 cash, beautifully situated on the edge of the hill back of the town, three miles below the church. The congregation will soon want it for a cemetery, as their present grave-yard is small and filling fast. I have thought of securing these important properties before the land gets too high in price. A great boom is expected here. The railroad will appear this year. Several other roads are expected, when the new bridge is built this summer over the rapids, to connect with the Canadian Pacific. A new canal or lake is to be constructed here next summer. There is here at present a company buying the right of way to build a canal through the town three miles in length, for the purpose of building upon it mills, factories, etc. Our prophets announce that Sault Ste. Marie will become a prosperous town. It is beautifully adapted by nature to become a large and handsome town.

Since September 1878, we have had 46 conversions from Protestantism; 835 baptisms; 119 marriages; 314 deaths; 19,155 confessions, among them several hundred general confessions; 240 first communions and confirmations; 500 sermons; 1 retreat and 8 triduums to the five Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, of whom four teach about two hundred and fifty children. Several times a year I teach catechism in the school. This narrative is long enough to give you an idea of my work during the eight years past. I should feel very well if I had *no head*. Pardon me for having detained you so long. I thought these details might be of interest. You will please find enclosed $5 for a little help towards the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

My best regards to our dear Fathers of Woodstock. A little memento for my dear people and me.

Rae Vae in Xto, infimus servus,

R. Chartier, S. J.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Second Letter.*)

Off Fort Pickens, Gulf of Mexico,
Steamer Vanderbilt,
June 24th, 1861.

Very Rev. and Dear Father Tellier,
P. C.

Here we are after nine days steaming, anchored about two miles from what appears to be a long sandy beach, but which, Captain Lefevre of the Vanderbilt tells me, is Santa Rosa Island, which shuts off Pensacola Bay from the Gulf of Mexico. This uninviting sandy island is to be our home for the present. On the extreme western end is Fort Pickens, which the government wishes at any sacrifice to prevent the South from occupying. For, holding Fort Pickens, Pensacola's well-stocked navy-yard and Pensacola Bay, the Southerners could build and organize a fleet which would render the success of the Union army very doubtful. To prevent this is the herculean task of the army about to be formed on Santa Rosa Island. But allow me to follow in my narration the order in which the events occurred.

On the 13th instant I sent you, for the purpose therein specified, a detailed account of my life in camp down to that date. I think it is proper, for the information of any Father who before the war is over may find himself similarly situated, that I should enter into the particulars of those unfortunate circumstances which attended our departure from New York. For, I now see that, had I had any idea of how things would be, I could have prevented, if not entirely, at least to a great extent, the evils I fear some will have to deplore for all eternity.

The Regiment (16th N. Y. Volunteers), had been about two months in the *State Service*, before it was mustered into that of the *United States*. For the pay of these two months, the Regiment, as *State* troops, could apply only to the *State*

authorities, who in turn were to be reimbursed by the United States Government. Perfectly aware of all this, but not very clearly understanding how, once out of the State of New York, they could hope to receive the money due them, the soldiers insisted on being paid before leaving Camp Scott on Staten Island; or failing in this, on having twenty-four hours' furlough before starting for the seat of war. The order to strike tents and march aboard the steamer lying at the dock to bring us up to New York City, was given, but not a man heeded it. 'Pay us for two months' service, or give us twenty-four hours' furlough,' was the only answer given to the repeated orders. No government official was there to decide the case; the Colonel of the Regiment had no authority to decide. In justification of Col. Wilson, who probably was blamed by the New York Press and the Government for his conduct in this matter, I would say that for prudential and christian motives he wished neither of these demands acceded to. Not the first: for the men would spend every cent of their pay for drink, if not for worse purposes, whilst their families were known to be sorely in need of whatever was due by the State. He intended arranging matters in such a way, that the *families*, not the *soldiers* should draw the State-pay. Not the second; for he did not at all, for very christian motives which readily present themselves to your mind, relish the idea of seeing his men after having been two months under military discipline, suddenly let loose through New York City for the twenty-four hours preceding their departure for the seat of war. He made propositions and offered arrangements to the soldiers, but they would not listen to any of his reasonable propositions, or accept any of his offered arrangements. One or the other part of the disjunctive condition which they had laid down must be accepted before they leave camp. The situation became very serious; and the Colonel was still without authority to act in the matter. Finally, seeing the Regiment persistent in its determination not to leave camp till their conditions were complied with, and the failure of the authorities to decide the case, Col. Wilson gave the men an answer which they construed into a consent that they should have twenty-four hours' furlough, but which he intended should be evasive.

Relying on their interpretation of the answer, the soldiers instantly struck camp, and in an incredibly short time were on board the boat. In the afternoon of the same day (13th) we were landed at the foot of West 14th Street, up which we marched to Broadway which we followed to the Battery, where we found a large number of tug-boats in readiness

to transport us to the monster steamer Vanderbilt anchored far out in the stream. The day, as you probably remember, was excessively hot. During the march, the imprudent kindness of the soldiers' friends found occasion to slip bottles of whiskey into the ranks. This mistaken kindness was productive of incalculable evil; it caused the loss of five lives, and very probably of as many souls, besides the perpetration of many other enormous crimes. Though the men did not see any reason why they should be conveyed out to the gigantic transport, if they were to have the promised furlough, still they embarked on the fleet of tugs. During this movement they freely partook of the spirits handed to them on the march, and soon became frightfully excited. As they neared the Transport, a shout arose from the little fleet, that no one should go aboard the steamer; and all began to load their muskets, and demanded *their two months' pay and twenty-four hours' furlough.* All entreaty to induce them to go on board the Transport, was employed in vain. An attempt was then made to force them to obey; this only increased the difficulty. For, relying on their numbers and arms, and having amongst them men who are leaders in every branch of mechanics, they took possession of the tugs, and defied all the power that could be brought against them. Whilst the excitement was at its highest pitch, Col. Wilson, a man of fearless energy and indomitable will, thought that by rushing sword in hand from the Vanderbilt on to a tug fastened alongside, he could cow into submission those holding possession of the little steamer, and thus make a break in the tiny fleet of rebels. Seeing him running towards them, and divining his intentions, some one gave the command, 'charge bayonets;' the men immediately threw themselves into a position of defence. Meeting with this unexpected resistance, the Colonel endeavored to stop at the edge of the hurricane deck; but the velocity acquired in going that distance precipitated him to the lower deck, on which he fell headforemost. Happily in his descent, he grabbed a musket in the hands of one of the men, and this broke somewhat the force of the fall. He lay stretched out like a corpse; a dead silence prevailed; not a man moved to lift him from his prostrate position. I jumped over the railings to raise what I feared was the lifeless form of Col. Wilson. I found him breathing, but insensible and bleeding profusely. The soldiers broke the painful silence by saying: 'Father, this is not our work; we shall do nothing more than defend ourselves—but defend ourselves we certainly will.' 'Break ranks immediately, and call the surgeon, the Colonel is badly hurt,' said I to them in a very

sharp tone. The poor fellows instantly gathered around me and the still unconscious Colonel, anxious to give all the assistance they could. The surgeon dropped over the side of the Transport upon the deck of the steam-barge or tug. After a hasty examination he declared, that he could not see any sign of serious injury resulting from the fall; that he must wait till consciousness returned before he could say whether the Colonel had received any internal hurt. When, after the lapse of considerable time, and the application of many restoratives, Colonel Wilson recovered the use of his senses, he told us he felt no other pain than that of the bruises and cuts on his head and face.

Though he had, as far as I understand, no authority or direction how to act under the present trying circumstances, the Colonel abandoned, as he said, by his superiors, and compelled by the present juncture of affairs, resolved to arrange matters with the soldiers the best he could. He proposed to the men a furlough of the remainder of that day and forenoon of the following day, on condition that all would report before 12 o'clock M. at certain piers which he designated, where they should find tugs ready to convey them to the Vanderbilt. 12 o'clock of the 14th of June arrived, and not a man had complied with the condition on which the furlough had been granted. Mr. Kennedy, Inspector of Police, was requested to have our men 'hunted up' and brought out to the steamer. So powerful are the means at this gentleman's disposal, that, before midnight, he had actually placed on board the Vanderbilt, five-sixths of our men. But alas, in what a condition were they! They were literally mad with liquor. From the moment the first few were brought on board, the evening of the 14th, till the morning of the 15th, there was one continued fight in which pistols, knives and bayonets were freely used. Many jumped overboard during the night, others were thrown into the water. Judging from the state in which these poor fellows were, the darkness of the night and the distance of the vessel from the shore, I fear they all perished in the Bay. Knowing that the Transport had an immense quantity of powder on board, and seeing these drunken men smash the lamps, Capt. Leferve of the Vanderbilt, thought it his duty, as a precautionary measure, to order all lights extinguished in the part of the ship where the men were quartered. You must not expect me to attempt any description of the scenes that occurred amongst such men in such darkness and in such a place.

Next morning gave us the proof of the desperate nature of the encounters that had taken place between decks, it

gave us an idea of what we might expect to see after a hand to hand conflict on the battlefield. There were not ten sound men on board the Vanderbilt; wounds of every description had been inflicted. The surgeon declared three of the combatants were mortally wounded. These were sent ashore to the hospital. Many, who had either been thrown down or had fallen down the hatchways, had their limbs broken and were otherwise severely hurt. These were taken in charge of the police, who came out to the vessel when the trouble was at an end. What an awful night I passed in New York Bay! The families of Mr. Joseph Farrell and of Mr. Arthur Moynihan of Brooklyn, hearing of the trouble on board, and fearing for my life, sent a boat manned by six stout sailors about midnight for me. I thanked them for their kind attention, but I could not think of abandoning my post. The boatmen insisted, saying that if I did not go ashore with them, they would receive no pay. At day light, these two families accompanied by Mr. Daniel Sullivan and his sister came over to the steamer with various little delicacies, which were a god-send for the many sore and wounded.

It is, I think, proper for me here to state that, days before we left Staten Island, Col. Wilson told me, that he anticipated these precise difficulties, and had pointed out to the State authorities a preventive, which if employed would, I think, have saved the souls and bodies of several men, and averted most heinous crimes. He recommended the Government to have the men paid gradually, i. e., a few every day, and in the presence of some member of the family. This very excellent measure was not adopted. Coming on towards noon of the 15th the wounds were all dressed, and matters were gradually being settled—it was now the benign reign of peace.

Early in the afternoon we noticed a dispatch boat carrying the ensign of some Headquarters, making directly for us. Many and wild were the conjectures about the nature of the orders of which the graceful little messenger was supposed to be the bearer. In a very short time Uncle Sam's representative was on deck, which he found thronged with wounded soldiers, whom he did not seem to notice. He called for Captain Lefevre to whom he made known his authority, and ordered him to get his steamer ready for sea immediately. Then turning to Col. Wilson who yet bore on his face signs of the terrible encounter, he handed him sealed dispatches, which he was directed to open in the presence of his staff after having been a stated time out of port. As yet we had received no intimation of what our destina-

tion was to be. The general impression, however, amongst officers and men was that we were on our way to Fortress Monroe, Baltimore or Washington. Some men and officers were ashore; but we were not allowed to wait till they returned; they are to be sent after us by the first occasion.

I was sorry to see the Colonel under the necessity of dismissing from the service, just before leaving port, a Catholic officer, Capt. Mc Cormick. I am told the Colonel had no authority to do so; for no commissioned officer can be dismissed without a trial by court-martial. This man's conduct was such, however, during the awful scenes of the 13th and 14th, as to justify an exception, if even exceptions are not forbidden.

15th of June, afternoon.—A violent storm seems to be gathering; the clouds are banked up threateningly, the wind is blowing fiercely. We move down the magnificent bay, making directly for the ocean. The men are too sick and sore to attempt any response to the repeated cheers from the numerous shipping in the bay, to the salvos of artillery from the men-of-war, and to the grand salute of the Forts. Capt. Lefevre said to me: 'Father, the fighting stuff in these men is well known to the Government, who will send and trust these wild fellows, where they would not send or trust others. Army and Navy expect to hear of glorious deeds performed by them.' When we passed the Narrows, and struck the open sea, now lashed into fury, the men became aroused to the dangers which the dark stormy night seemed to forebode. 'Farewell New York! Farewell our friends!' 'If we escape the fury of this storm, it will be only to meet another storm on the field of battle, where our bones will be left to bleach!' were some of the expressions heard on every side. During the first night at sea, several men were seized with *delirium tremens*, and five of these poor fellows whilst in that state jumped overboard, and of course were lost! At the designated time Col. Wilson opened his sealed dispatches. After glancing over the document, he informed us that our destination was Fort Pickens, in the Gulf of Mexico. Not one of us had ever heard of such a place. This entirely unexpected news produced in the minds of all a kind of melancholy, which greatly contributed towards preparing their hearts for the worthy reception of the Sacrament of Penance. These men were perfectly willing to go to Fortress Monroe, to Washington, Baltimore, ... but to go to Fort Pickens, was like renouncing all hope of ever revisiting New York. I see now how prudent it was for the Government to have kept our destination a secret.

During the first days at sea, I was so completely pros-

trated by sea-sickness, that I was utterly unable to render assistance to any one. But, as soon as I was able to hold my head up, the poor soldiers now completely humbled, or perhaps better, thoroughly tamed, who by the Colonel's orders had free access to my cabin, came in great numbers to confession.

I began during the night of the 15th to experience some of the privations belonging to military life. The cabins had been completely stripped of mattresses, bedclothes and furniture of every kind. There was nothing on which to rest but the deck or bare berths. This reminds me that I started away without a military blanket, which is almost absolutely necessary, and which, since I cannot procure it here, I hope you will send me by the first occasion.

June 16th, Sunday.—The storm passed harmlessly over us, the sea is calm, the sun bright and cheery, the men are themselves once more; but my sea-sickness has not abated. Mr. McHenry, chief steward of the steamer, and a Catholic, was early in my cabin this morning to know what he could do for me. He brought me many delicacies for which he positively refused to receive any remuneration. He says the wines, liquors, etc., on board all belong to himself. 'Moreover,' said he, 'Captain Lefevre insists on paying your bills himself, if anything is to be paid; but there is nothing to be paid.' This generous attention Mr. McHenry continued during the entire trip. As the officers, during the passage down here, had only soldiers' fare—cold salt-meat, hard bread and coffee without milk—the chief steward's attentions were the more prized. If you happen to see him or Capt. Lefevre, be so good as to let them know that I have not been insensible to their unrequited generosity. Whilst the steward was thus attending to my present, and preparing to meet my future wants, Col. Wilson stepped into my cabin, and said: 'Father, are you aware that to-day is Sunday? Are we going to have Mass? The boys are just in humor to profit by such a thing.' 'My stomach is in open rebellion,' I answered, 'my head is in as great commotion as the sea of last night; I cannot stand on my feet, I would not dare say Mass to-day.' 'Well, Father, you will have to come out on deck, and give these reasons to them.' I objected again. 'Never mind' he replied, 'if you can't stand, I shall send two men to hold you upright; and if your stomach rebels, I shall have a third there with a bucket along side you. You must appear before the boys, and preach, if you cannot say Mass. It will do yourself and the men, a world of good. The boys, who know how sick you are, will be edified by the effort you make to appear amongst

them in spite of your sickness.' There was no possibility of farther resistance. Mr. McHenry gave me a dose of what he considered good medicine, helped to put me on my feet, and furnished other little aids to enable me to meet the boys creditably. A little arrangement was speedily made on deck, the 'church call' was beaten by the drum corps; soldiers and sailors, officers and privates were assembled. 'Father,' said the Colonel, 'all are ready to hear your sermon, since you cannot say Mass.' The calm ocean, bright day and steady vessel gave me courage. I felt that I could dispense with the 'supports' and the 'bucket.' I spoke on *obedience*. All seemed satisfied. The sailors were beside themselves to see a priest, as they said, *possessing the right* to preach on board a ship. Many of the venerable tars of the Vanderbilt, who had spent forty years of their lives at sea, came to me after the little sermon, and taking me by the hand, exclaimed with tears in their eyes: 'Thank God, sir, we have lived to see the day! Some of us have been at sea since we were children; and all the chaps say, to-day is the first time they have ever heard one of your cloth preach on board a ship. We can't make a trip without having to listen to Protestant ministers. Thank God! we have at last heard one of our own.'

The return of my unrelenting tormentor, sea-sickness, broke off all further conversations, and drove me ignominiously from deck. Capt. Lefevre followed me to my cabin, and urgently invited me to accompany him to his quarters, where he could relieve me of my terrible distress. 'They tell me,' said he playfully, 'that the Colonel in inviting you to preach, offered you a *right and left bower*, and an *old oaken bucket*.' I was too sick to manifest my appreciation of his kind efforts to arouse me. The good-hearted Captain is a Catholic, the Steward says a practical one. After giving me a dose, he bade me sleep if I could, and he would call for me in the afternoon.

Shortly after the Captain's departure, Col. Wilson entered to enquire about my health. 'You understand the boys perfectly,' said he to me. 'You spoke to them as I would myself speak to them. But, Father, did you remark the *enlisted* chaplains? They were wild, completely bewildered. Their menacing looks darted from you to me, and from me to you. Try to overcome your repugnance to sea-life.' The poor Colonel seems lonely. I wish I could hold my head up, and talk with him.

True to his promise, Capt. Lefevre called to see me in the afternoon. He found me much easier, he said, and declared the sickness at an end. He regretted that I had been un-

able to see the fleet at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. The great draught of the vessel prevented us from going very near; still signals were exchanged. 'Father, there is going to be quite a circus on deck this afternoon,' said he to me, 'you must be there by all means. The enlisted ministers are going to insist on being allowed to preach.' The fact was, I did feel much better. I went on deck, and found quite a commotion amongst the soldiers. One of the enlisted ministers, who had been seized by an apparently irresistible desire to preach the gospel, was violently struggling in the crowd to induce them to listen to him. The soldiers ignorant of his ministerial character, thought he was playing a *farce*, and acted accordingly. They crowded on him, hustled him about deck, and thus created a deafening uproar. This very undignified treatment of the preacher in soldier's uniform greatly insulted him. He applied to the Colonel for redress, and for means of having himself respectfully listened to. 'These fellows cannot be expected to stand more than one sermon a day,' said the Colonel to him. 'But I am a minister of the gospel.' 'You are one of Uncle Sam's soldier's; and if you refuse to obey, I would have you shot —this is war-time.' 'But you said if I should suit the men, you would have me appointed chaplain.' 'Very good,' replied the Colonel, 'we can settle that right away.' Then, turning towards the men massed around him by this time, he continued: 'Tell me boys, which will you have for your Chaplain, this soldier who says he is a Protestant minister, or the Catholic Priest?' 'No Protestant minister for us,' shouted the men, 'give us the Catholic Priest.' 'That settles our contract; you don't suit my boys,' said the Colonel.

June 17th. Up bright and early, and ready for work, of which there appears to be no lack. Notwithstanding their wild ways, the poor soldiers are already assembling in the neighborhood of my cabin, to go to confession. They realize the fact that they are going to war, and may at any moment be engaged in battle. We are on the enemy's coast. The dreadful, and unhappy, and we fear, unprovided death of some of our men since we put to sea has produced a salutary effect on the minds of all. The throng continued till evening when the Colonel coming up to the awaiting penitents said: 'boys, that is enough for one day's work. Give the Father an opportunity of breathing the fresh air of the ocean, and of enjoying this wonderful sunset.' The scene was, indeed, worthy of being witnessed. The boys were all life, singing, dancing, playing. New York was forgotten.

June 18th. Charming weather! Soldiers and sailors

ready to resume the work of yesterday. I brought my work to a close a little earlier in the afternoon than the day before. At and after sunset, the evening was truly enchanting, especially in the neighborhood of Charleston, and all along the South Carolina coast. The dark green clouds that ascended from the horizon towards the zenith, as the sun was setting, formed themselves into the most marked and fantastic shapes. In silent wonder we gazed at two immense armies, artillery, cavalry and infantry, engaged in deadly strife. Again we beheld piles of cliffs over which the sea was breaking in impetuous surges. There we saw fleets of proud men-of-war; here we admired fortresses frowning on the puny means employed for their reduction. The very Vanderbilt, it is said, slackened her speed, in admiration of the scenes through which she was passing. Was all this a mirage in which the future was somehow forecast? Sable night gradually dissipated these clouds, and left the heavens clear and smiling, thus furnishing to those disposed to profit by the occasion an excellent opportunity of meditating on the abode which we all hope to enter, some perhaps in the first rude conflict we shall have to sustain. Truly, without being astrologists, many, during these nights, walked in silence the deck of the noble Vanderbilt, reading a profound lesson in the starry heavens; and they assured me that they derived benefit from their study of the immense volume spread out before them.

June 19th. The throng for confession continued without sign of abatement. In the afternoon, Capt. Lefevre invited me to interrupt my work, and take a walk with him through the Vanderbilt. It is really a wonderfully large vessel. I regret I did not ask the dimensions. The two thousand men are a mere speck on the deck. 'You are not aware,' said he to me, 'that here on this ship, you are in a vast world.' Going down a flight of steps, we found, what for other vessels would be, a large cargo of mules. 'Sufficient animals here for an army train. Wagons and harness for these mules are stowed away in other parts of the steamer.' In the next department we found cannons of various calibre, and a surprising number of boxes of rifles. Harness belonging to the cannons and the military accoutrements accompanying the rifles occupy other portions. Here we come upon barrels apparently numberless. 'There are provisions of every description for an entire army,' said the Captain. 'Inside this door,' said he, pointing to the entrance of a compartment of the vessel, 'is stored what might be called a cargo of powder and fixed ammunition.' Fort Pickens is

to become, for the time being, a grand military depot. We thus went from deck to deck, from compartment to compartment, till I thought we were not far from the bottom of the ocean. Returned to the light of the sun, the Captain asked me: 'Would you think that you are in such a world? Yet you have not seen all. We have on board, a naval supply for the fleet we expect to find in the Gulf.'

June 20th. The work of yesterday was renewed, with slow progress however; for many of my poor fellows have not yet made their first communion, and are greatly in need of elementary instruction.

We met no vessels on our way down here. The great coasting trade has disappeared. But yesterday, you might say, this coast was lined with craft of every size, engaged in every branch of commerce, to-day, not one sail visible! To-day we discovered land, the low sandy shore of Eastern Florida, along which we steamed till we doubled Key West. As we neared the Gulf of Mexico, strange sights, scenes entirely new to Northerners presented themselves to our wondering eyes, and relieved the tediousness of a sea-voyage. Two waterspouts, not near enough to endanger our vessel attracted our closest attention, and unbounded admiration. Thrice, shoals of flying fish rose from the water on our larboard, and passed over to our starboard. One shoal struck the bow and sailed majestically on each side of the ship towards the stern.

June 21st. Charming weather! 'What a prize the Vanderbilt would be for the South, and how easily captured!' was a remark of one of the officers of the Transport. 'A common tug with a single cannon could make us haul down our colors. Not one cannon in position on the vessel.' We are in the Gulf of Mexico. In the evening we lost sight of land once more, and moved cautiously northward.

June 24th. This morning we hove in sight of Fort Pickens! War! war! now surely. Here is a numerous fleet of men-of-war at anchor, each of which, judging from the smoke issuing from the smoke-stacks, has a heavy pressure of steam. Their sails have disappeared, their masts are lowered, their decks are cleared! All are ready for action! 'Are they going to fight?' I asked Capt. Lefevre. 'No, not yet, unless those forts opposite attempt to prevent your landing,' was his reply. We are in full view of the forts and batteries in the enemy's possession. In fact, unless the southern cannons are utterly worthless, those mounted on Forts McCrea and Barancas hold us within easy range. These two forts seized by the southerners a short time

ago, are situated on the mainland on the western shore of the entrance into Pensacola Bay. Opposite these defenders of the Confederacy, is Fort Pickens built on the eastern shore of the entrance to the same Bay, on the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island, and the only point at present in the South, over which floats the flag of the United States. Flag Officer McKean is in command of the fleet composed of the finest vessels of the Navy. What the ulterior object of this fleet is, I cannot, of course, say; the immediate care of the commander of these men-of-war, now ready for action, is to cover the landing of the troops whose assistance, it is said, is urgently required for the protection of the lonely fort on the forbidding, barren Island honored by such a sweet name.

Owing to the nature of the beach gradually sloping into the Gulf, and the enormous draught of the Vanderbilt, we are obliged to anchor two miles off from land. A rapid exchange of signals is going on between the vessels of the fleet. Two steam despatch boats have been lowered from the deck of the Niagara, the Commander's ship. These tiny messengers are flying from vessel to vessel, bringing new orders, transferring from one steamer to another, officers or men. All seem to indicate a certain anxiety, an intention to take precautions for some apprehended emergency. In the evening, a boat from the Flag ship, rowed by eighteen active sailors, dashed over the ruffled bosom of the Gulf, towards the Vanderbilt, and brought Col. Wilson an order which was immediately handed to him. This document notified him, that to-morrow morning (the 25th), at 8 o'clock, the men and launches of the fleet would be at his disposal to enable him to disembark his men. The Colonel, thereupon, published his 'order,' directing 'officers and men to be ready to march to-morrow at 8 A. M. with two days' rations.' 'And how can we march across the water?' asked Larry McCarthy. All became bustle and turmoil. 'We are going to face the enemy,' thought some, 'for the first time and under circumstances disadvantageous to us. The enemy is ensconced in his fortifications; we are to be crowded in boats, or wading through the stormy surf.' A mail starts to-morrow for Key West, whence it will be sent to New York; I shall therefore close my letter to have it ready when called for.

I forgot to say in my letter from Staten Island, that I called on Archbishop Hughes, a short time before the Regiment was ordered to strike camp, to have his blessing on myself and my soldiers. At the Archiepiscopal residence,

I found Rev. Father Mc Neirny, [1] who informed me that his Grace was at that moment in council with his suffragans, but that he would immediately acquaint his Grace with the object of my call. Notified of my visit, the good Archbishop instantly ordered me into the council chamber, clasped me in his arms and gave me, no doubt from his heart, the blessing I asked. The other Bishops present, to whom he kindly introduced me, gave me full jurisdiction over any and all of their subjects whom I might meet during the war.

Recommending myself to your prayers,

I remain Rae Vae Inf. in Xto servus,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

LETTER FROM VERY REVEREND FATHER PROVINCIAL.

FIESOLE, March 15th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.

P. C.

You invited me to write for publication in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS some account of my peregrinations. Time is not superabundant with me, and I do not know but that, before your next issue, all that I have to say will be known to you from other and better sources. Still it would not be consistent to refuse co-operation in a work to which I have strenuously urged others. To obviate the second of my two difficulties, I give you complete power over this paper; so that, if it pass the censors, you may drop out what you think fit, or if you think fit, cull some paragraphs for the *Varia*, and suppress the rest.

But first to impress you the more with the importance of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, I must tell you the estimation in which they are held, much to my gratification, in Ireland, England and on the Continent. I found in Milltown Park that they were reading them in the refectory. I heard their importance acknowledged everywhere, specially by such men as Fr. Delplace and Fr. Mistretta. And they most value exactly the two departments I have most insisted on, viz., the documents touching our early history and the *Varia*. Courage, therefore, in your labors!

[1] Our present beloved Right Rev. Bishop of Albany, N. Y.

I arrived here March the 4th. After saying Mass, I had my first interview with Rev. Father Vicar. Whilst he was talking with me came the telegram announcing Fr. General's unexpected death. I believe I was the first to salute the new General. Fr. Anderledy told me that he would proceed to Rome that night with the Assistants, that as Fr. Whitty was indisposed, I should go too, to represent the English Assistancy. With that considerateness which is so charming in one so elevated, his Paternity came afterwards to my room to say that as I had travelled all the preceding night, he wished me to repose and come afterwards to Rome for the Mass of Requiem. Not being well at the time — cold and fever—I the more willingly accepted the second decision.

So on Monday the 7th I made my way to Rome. You will be glad to hear that our dear biennists are in better health than they enjoyed (or suffered) at home, that they are satisfied and satisfy. They met me at the station: I sojourned with them at the Gregorian University, where Fr. De Augustinis also is, and they so devoted themselves to me during all my stay as to make it my duty to preserve a grateful memory of their hospitality. But the last remark may be generalized, and applied to all of Ours I have encountered since I left American shores. Even Cardinal Mazzella's elevation has not sundered the ties of ancient friendship, and he frequently called to take me to drive.

I say nothing of Fr. General's holy death in the Lord, because you will have the details in the *Civiltà* before this reaches you. March the 10th was a rainy day. We assembled in the Gesù at 10 A. M. The church was not crowded. There were present Cardinals Ledochowski, Melchers and Mazzella, very many Bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries, all the Generals of the religious orders, the Grand Master of Malta, the Ambassadors of France and Austria, the Envoy of Belgium, and chiefs of the Roman nobility.

The office was chanted by our students of the German and the South American Colleges. The lessons were read by Dominican Fathers, the Mass was celebrated by their General, in fact all the service was theirs, including the absolution. During the services a painful incident occurred. The Dominican Provincial had finished his lesson and returned to his seat, when he was seized by a fit of apoplexy, carried out, and is since dead. The catafalque was about twenty feet high, covered with cloth of gold, slightly draped with crape: the body of the church also so draped, the sanctuary more heavily. The music was by the choir of St. Peter's, quar-

tette and chorus, composed by the conductor, Meluzzi. I enjoyed it hugely. It was not of the kind to please those who hold that music (*ut poema*) is born, not *animis juvandis*, but *animis affligendis:* and I made the commentary that it must be a great scandal to those who think such music un-Catholic, that the Pope suffers it in his own basilica. I really think there's no need of being more orthodox than the Pope.

For your consolation I shall mention a few facts touching the state of our Society in Rome. After the dreadful blow received by it in Southern Europe, it would have been natural to suppose that energies would be dulled and minds depressed. On the contrary, *merses profundo pulchrior evenit.* Just as soon as opportunity offers, she wakes into activity and renews her effort. Fr. Massimo is building a school which will cost more than two millions of francs. He has six hundred pupils, and admission is denied on account of lack of room. There are but four of Ours engaged there, and they have twenty-five secular teachers. 'Why do not more of Ours teach?' Because the teachers must have been graduated from the government University. Here is a serious difficulty for us, and the question arises, shall Ours attend the government schools for at least two years? The government programme of studies must be followed, and government officials examine. You could not depend on their impartiality: yet I hear that the examinations of our lads are distinguished. I am told that the Costanzi for the German College cost two millions of francs: it is splendid and commodious. The South American College, now building, will cost the same sum; the house of the *Civiltà*, more than half a million. With the acquisition of all these new houses it may be hoped that Ours will be able to assemble again into communities and enjoy the consolations of religious life. Mondragone has about one hundred students. At the Gregorian University there are five hundred students, and the number grows every year. An observatory is going up near the Vatican. The Gesù and St. Ignatius' are not nominally, but are really under our control.

On the 12th Fr. General, the Curia and I returned to Fiesole. The next morning, although Fr. General had one hundred letters, he began my audiences and has heard me twice a day, each time for about two hours, till now I have finished my 'screed', and am awaiting decisions.

Do you appreciate the advantages we enjoy in the new reign? Our Father General was in America, was ordained there, remembers it well, loves it, speaks our language well. What may we not hope for under his fostering influence?

The house, having been enlarged, is roomy and commodious. It bears to Florence the relation that Holy Cross does to Worcester 'with a difference.' The descent is precipitous, the site is higher, the view more expanded, the valley level, the city more distant. To our taste the hills devoid of trees and vegetation are bleak. Our grounds are very beautiful. Many a terrace offers room for walks, all shaded, ornamented with abundance of flowers, all presenting views of the Val d'Arno. The great charm, however, is the religious and historical association. Monte Senario is just back; overhead almost is a convent of Franciscans, where many a room was tenanted by a saint. Vallombrosa is visible in the distance. Here, according to Milton, Galileo scanned the heavens:—

> 'The moon whose orb
> Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
> At evening from the top of Fiesole,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.'

Here too Cosmo de Medici lived; while just below is the convent of Fra Angelico; near by the monastery of St. Antoninus. Here Cataline experienced defeat. This villa was Walter Savage Landor's. It will be many a century ere Holy Cross will have such remembrances. I have heard it sometimes questioned whether the Curia had not better reside at Rome. I leave the answer to those who have the grace and experience to answer. But the correspondence and business are enormous and still growing, and the work of the Society can be more easily accomplished where our ruler is not subject to the interruption of city visits. Rome is near enough for access when necessary. This is, in fine, such a place as would be sought for by saint and sage and poet. Does not our friend Horace sigh out, '*Rus, quando te aspiciam?*'

Some unfriendly friends—note, if you please, the oxymoron—when I detailed conversations in various countries, have curiously inquired, 'what language did you speak?' You understand the innuendo: which I gently repressed by the invariable answer 'Hebrew.' Of all surprising things which happen to a traveller on the continent, the most astounding is the composure with which people hear the most enormous solecisms in grammar. The trouble is that an exigency comes where one has no time to conjugate his verb but must speak out immediately. '*Où change-vous?*' quoth I to the conductor. (I beg you to believe that in sober moments I know better). He looked at me *oculis irretortis*, and answered as if I had talked out of Telemachus, as if he

would have been surprised had I said anything else. The adroitness, too, with which they infer your meaning, is amazing. At one of the stations I could not find the ticket-office and the train was starting. I went to one of the officials and ejaculated 'Biglietto!' He uttered words of which I understood, 'Roma!' Verbum sat sapienti. I gracefully bowed my head, and he significantly pointed his finger; and the conversation closed satisfactorily. At one of the stopping places, a gentleman asked me in Spanish (in which I am at home as much as if it were French), if I was a Spaniard. I said, 'no, American.' Turning the discourse into very bad English he said, 'I thought you were Spanish, because I heard you say *aqui* instead of *qui*.' It was a consolation to discover that one's bad Italian made good Spanish. He then went on to say—may no Englishman read these lines!—that he found Americans so much more intelligible than the English.

There is no department of learning in which I regret my deficiency so much as that of modern languages: which I say for the benefit of my dear Woodstockings. It is true that I mutter 'sunt divisiones gratiarum,' implying that there may be compensatory gifts; but the device does not meet the emergency. I give you a serviceable rule:—In France, speak Italian steadily, in Italy hold to French unflinchingly. The reason is obvious. The chances are that the hearer will not be able to criticize the speaker. In both countries abuse beggars roundly in English. It perplexes them, and you may escape in the confusion.

In England there's not much difficulty. You can generally understand the English, and they begin to talk American. At mid-day you take the cars at Calais, and go without change to Bâle. Having dined at Amiens, you breakfast at Bâle, where you make the only change, taking Swiss cars for Milan, and arriving at night. The Swiss cars are almost as comfortable as ours. If they have not other necessaries, they have heat. At Milan I rested for twenty-four hours. There I saw the Cathedral, the Church of St. Ambrose, the gates he shut against Theodosius, and, most wonderful of all, the serpent which Moses raised in the desert. At least so the guide book said. It was a question of testimony into which I had no time to examine; so I transmitted it.

'*Longæ finis chartæ*,' if not '*viæ*.' About the latter and its end, are you curious? After late manifestations of sympathy in a private grief, I should be ungrateful if I doubted. But I depend on the will of another, and I can only say that now more than ever Woodstock and Frederick contain

those who are dearest to me, and only duty would keep me absent from them. It seems to me, now that I am concluding, that my letter is not written to you solely, nor to your readers, but to the Scholastics. I am always thinking of them. At least my very latest words will be for them :—Be ye learned and holy.

ROBERT FULTON, S. J.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES

AND OF EVENTS CONNECTED THEREWITH, WRITTEN IN 1863–64.[1]

By Fr. John McElroy.

The Most Reverend Archbishop Carroll, at that time the only Archbishop in the United States, obtained a Rescript from Pius VII granting permission to the Jesuits to open a Novitiate in Maryland. Accordingly, the first Novitiate was opened at Georgetown College, Rev. Charles Neale being then Superior (?) and living at the Carmelite convent in Charles County. The Revd. Fr. Francis Neale was appointed Master of Novices, although he had made no novitiate himself. The names of the first novices are: Enoch Fenwick, Benedict J. Fenwick, James Spinck, Leonard Edelen, Charles Boland, James Ord and William Queen, Scholastics; Patrick McLaughlin and John McElroy, Laybrothers. On the 10th of October, 1806, the above-named assembled in the house opposite Trinity Church and commenced the thirty-days retreat. A set of manuscript meditations for thirty days had reached the College by some Father from Russia; they were in Latin, and were translated into English by Mag. E. Fenwick. Three of these were read daily; and a consideration, spiritual reading, examens,

[1] In a foot-note to the title Fr. McElroy writes:

'Revd. Fr. Provincial (Paresce) having expressed a desire that I should note down my recollections of such things, as have happened since I entered the Society in 1806, and might be of interest or contribute in any way to the history of the Society in this country, I shall, in my humble way, though in nowise qualified to do justice to such a memoir, place on record as they occur to my mind and in chronological order as much as I can, though not connected, such *Recollections*.'

The following in Fr. McElroy's handwriting, is written on a piece of paper pasted to the cover of the book in which these *Recollections* are contained:

'Some notes of past events put down after leaving Boston, previous to my loss of sight, which interrupted them.'

etc., filled up the rest of the hours. In one of the rooms there was a chapel where all heard Mass daily. We slept in this house during the retreat.

During the Exercises, Fathers Anthony Kohlmann and Peter Epinette, the former a German, the latter a Frenchman, arrived from Russia, where they had entered the novitiate at Dunaburg. They were sent to Georgetown to teach Theology by Revd. Fr. Genl. Brzozowski, then residing in the College of Polosk, White Russia. Fr. Kohlmann very soon after his arrival was appointed Socius to the Master of Novices. With great fervor and unction he gave the novices frequent exhortations, which produced the most happy effects; he also introduced the customs, penances, etc., usual in the Society as he had found them in Russia. They differ but little from those now in use in the Novitiate, except that we took breakfast standing.

On the Feast of St. Stanislaus, November 13th, the thirty-days Retreat ended. Archbishop Carroll was invited for the solemnity; Fr. Charles Neale was also present and made his Solemn Profession to the Archbishop. Fr. Malevé, a native of Belgium, who had been a Franciscan and had entered the Society in Russia, addressed the novices in Latin. His enunciation being rapid and rather excited, the Archbishop, who was near me in the sacristy, asked 'What language does he speak?' After High Mass all went to the College where the novices took possession of the second story of the old College. Thus was the first Novitiate in North America commenced, with the approbation of Pius VII, with the sanction of the only Bishop in the United States, and made remarkable also by the first Solemn Profession ever made by a Jesuit in the United States. At this time the principal building of Georgetown College was unfinished; the third story alone was plastered, many of the windows were boarded up and without glass. The number of scholars was very small, about fifteen; and the credit of the house very low. We were not able to purchase anything except for ready money, and frequently the treasury was so low as not to have wherewith to go to market.

Bishop Neale, Coadjutor to the Archbishop, was at this time Rector. He had at the age of fifty-four been consecrated by Archbishop Carroll in 1800, as his Coadjutor, under the title of Bishop of Gortyna *in partibus*. Fr. Charles, Superior, and Fr. Francis, Master of Novices, were his brothers. At this time he lived in the College, and celebrated Mass daily at the Ladies' Academy, so-called, which afterwards became the Mother-house of the Visitation nuns. Bishop Neale, born in 1746, was sent to St. Omer's at the

age of twelve years, and with him were four of his brothers. Three of the Neales became priests and two died before Ordination. The Bishop had ended his novitiate and made his simple vows when the Society was suppressed. He was sent to Demerara, where laboring in the ministry he caught the yellow fever, but recovered and returned to the United States. He was pastor of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, where his two predecessors died of yellow fever. On this occasion he showed his great zeal, by braving every danger and attending to the infected, regardless of his own life; thus giving the best proof of the love he had for his flock. He was then called by Archbishop Carroll to be President of Georgetown College. He succeeded Archbishop Carroll in the Metropolitan See, on Dec. 3, 1815.

Bishop Neale was always much attached to the Society and observed as much as practicable its rules and customs. As a confessor he was mild and amiable, and of admirable tact in drawing souls from the love of the world and conducting them to an interior and spiritual life. To him under God am I indebted for my vocation to the Society of Jesus; I loved him very much and profited by my frequent visits to him for direction. He told me in 1805 that I was called to serve our Lord at His altar, and after I had spent nine years in the Society as Lay-brother, his prediction was verified in 1817, when I was one of the priests he ordained. He died eighteen days after this. I had the consolation of being present when he departed, and of saying for him the next morning the first Mass I had offered for the dead.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

I have said the College buildings were unfinished; I mean especially what was called the 'New College.' Its unseemly appearance was altogether unworthy of a house of education, much more was it unworthy of a Jesuit College. In common with the Scholastics and young men, I was very desirous to use every effort to see it improved. One young man, a postulant, had about $400, which he offered me for this purpose, but did not wish his name to be known. With this we commenced our improvements, having of course obtained the permission of the Superior, Fr. Robert Molyneux, who had been one of Archbishop Carroll's professors in Europe. We engaged a plasterer, attended him ourselves, made mortar, etc. After this, we had the windows glazed and the house painted inside and outside, without however employing a painter. And so this one donation effected more than could have been expected had we expended it in

the ordinary way. The change had a good effect on the public, and inspired the confidence that the College might yet become a respectable institution.

The land owned by the College at this time did not extend further on the north than the present locust hedge in the garden; on the west its limits were the wash-house and a small garden in the rear used for drying clothes; on the east, a line north and south with the old ball-alley; and on the south, a small garden in the rear of the old College. A few years after, several acres were purchased; the site of the present vineyard and several lots on the east side of the College and the farm were later additions.

For many years before the Novices came to the College, the daily Mass for the parish of Georgetown was said in the present domestic chapel in the old College; there the faithful went to confession, etc. The pastor, Fr. Francis Neale, occupied the room opposite the chapel door, and his brother, the Bishop, lived in the next room in which was contained the *whole College Library*. The Bishop slept in a press-bed which was unfolded every night and enclosed in its case every morning. He arose daily at four o'clock, made his meditation very regularly, then went to the Ladies' Academy to say Mass. He observed indeed a very strict poverty and a very austere manner of living.

As far as I can recollect, there was for a long time but one vestment of *all colors* in the College, and this was old and worn. On Sunday morning this vestment was taken to Trinity Church with the missal, cruets, etc., for the celebration of Mass, and then brought back to the College.

MISSION OF NEW YORK.

In 1807, there were but two secular priests in the city of New York, Rev. Matthew Kelly and Rev. John Byrne, both Irishmen; the latter was somewhat advanced in years when he attracted by his piety the attention of Fr. O'Callaghan of the old Society. He was educated by this Father in Dublin. After his ordination, his patron being dead, he came to New York where he gained a reputation as a preacher, and became very popular. He was desirous of entering the Society; but seeing that the harvest was great and the laborers few he applied to our Superior to send two Fathers to that important city, and added that '*he* would not leave until he got the *Jesuits* to take charge of the Mission.' His zeal and attachment to the Society were rewarded. Fathers Kohlmann and B. Fenwick, having taken their vows in October, 1808, were sent to New York. It is to be observed

that Father Kohlmann was still a novice when he came to this country, and was then 35 years old. When they arrived in New York, they commenced their ministry in Old St. Peter's, with great edification to the faithful. Rev. Mr. Byrne left for Georgetown to enter the Society and was received into the Novitiate. He was sent with the other novices to St. Thomas' Manor, Charles County, to spend the vacation, where he was attacked by bilious fever, and died shortly after his return to the College, Sept. 28, 1809. He was, I think, the first novice that died in this country.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll appointed Fr. Kohlmann Rector of St. Peter's, New York, the only church in the city at that time. In one of his letters written after entering upon his duties, he says: 'The parish, that is, the whole city, contains 16,000 souls, so neglected in every respect that it goes beyond conception.' Soon the Fathers saw the happy effects of their labors, for he goes on to state, that the Communion rail is daily filled, though deserted before; that general confessions are heard every day, chiefly of natives of Ireland who had not seen a priest for years; that three sermons are preached every Sunday in English, French and German, and three catechetical instructions every Sunday; that Protestants are instructed and received into the church every day; and that the collections for the poor reached three thousand dollars, with the prospect of the same amount every year.

It was soon found necessary to have another church in the northern part of the city. A lot was purchased and the foundation of St. Patrick's was laid by Fr. Kohlmann. At that time this church was in the northern extremity of the city, there being very few houses built beyond it. The good Fathers met with much opposition from the trustees of St. Peter's, and from other persons in the city. Still Fr. Kohlmann was determined to accomplish what he had commenced. He was told he could never raise money sufficient to build the church, and, even if he did build it, he could never get people enough to fill it. The church was ready for consecration in June, 1809, but the consecration was postponed until Ascension Day, 1815. Bishop Cheverus of Boston was invited by the Vicar General to consecrate it. Good Fr. Kohlmann, however, had not the consolation of being present, having been called to Georgetown to be Master of Novices.

The Fathers saw the necessity of a College in the city of New York, and rented a house opposite the Cathedral to commence it in. Four Scholastics were sent as teachers from Georgetown in 1809, namely, Adam Marshall, James

Redmond, James Wallace and Michael White, and with these a school was opened and encouraged. Soon a large lot was purchased in what was then the country, on the corner of Fifth Ave. and Fiftieth St., for, I think, $1300; there was on it a small house to which an addition was made. Here several boarders were received. The title of 'New York Literary Institution' was given to the establishment. Protestants as well as Catholics, the Governor of New York and many other respectable parents, sent their sons until the number of students reached seventy-five.

Fr. Grassi, finding it difficult to carry on Georgetown College through want of members of the Society, concluded to call the Fathers and Brothers from New York to Georgetown, and, of course, to close the Institution. Before doing this, he consulted Archbishop Carroll and his own consultors; the school was accordingly closed in September, 1813. Fr. Kohlmann was called to be Master of Novices in 1815, and Fathers Benedict Fenwick and Malou were left in New York at St. Peter's.

The land purchased for the Literary Institution was sold a few years after for, I think, $3000; a few years ago it sold for $90,000. The Trustees of St. Peter's and St. Patrick's were the purchasers in the first sale, and in the latter the Trustees of St. Patrick's bought out the half interest of St. Peter's. It is now the ground on which the foundation of the new Cathedral stands.

FATHER JOHN GRASSI.

In 1810, Fr. John Grassi arrived in Georgetown, sent thither by Rev. Fr. General Gruber then in Polosk, White Russia. He had been a novice under the venerable Fr. Pignatelli who, it is thought, will be canonized. At the suppression of the Society, he was sent to Russia where alone the Society existed. Being a good mathematician and astronomer, he was destined by Father General for the Chinese Mission, and fitted out with a complete apparatus of instruments, etc. He had for companions Fr. Korsack and a Lay-brother, named Steimer. They tried to procure a passage in any ship sailing for China, but in vain, as ship-captains were afraid of incurring the penalties attending the introduction of foreigners into the Celestial Empire. Being thus disappointed in their hopes of reaching China, they were directed by Father General to remain for a time at Stonyhurst College, England; thence Fr. Grassi was sent to Georgetown as Superior of the Mission, and Rector of Georgetown College. Shortly after his arrival, he made his

last vows to Fr. Charles Neale. He was a man of great energy, extremely edifying as a religious, and vigilant and watchful in all that concerned his office. In a short time he gained the public confidence; new students came almost every day. Members of Congress and other respectable gentlemen throughout the country sent their sons to the College. Fr. Grassi brought with him many philosophical and mathematical instruments, and purchased others in this country. He commenced collections for a cabinet of curiosities, and, in addition to all his duties as Rector, he said the late Mass and preached every Sunday, alternating with Fr. Francis Neale in Alexandria and Georgetown, there being no other priest in the College for some time.

Fr. Grassi had many difficulties to contend with during his administration, particularly with regard to the temporal concerns of the Society. During the suppression of the Society its landed property or real estate was vested in a corporate body entitled, *The Incorporated Clergy of Maryland.* Some ex-Jesuits and certain secular priests were the Trustees of this body; these latter maintained that they could in their corporate capacity act independently of the Superior. He thought differently and thus an unpleasant collision commenced, which was continued during the stay of Fr. Grassi in this country.

Under Fr. Grassi's administration the College increased in numbers and in prosperity; our boarders were nearly one hundred. Fr. Grassi was naturalized a citizen of the United States. He spent seven years in this country. It is to Fr. Grassi I am indebted for the great honor of being raised to the priesthood. As I entered the Society as a Lay-brother, and had spent nine years in that capacity he wrote to Fr. General Brzozowski for permission. The application to Father General was made without any knowledge of it on my part.

ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

The most Rev. Archbishop Carroll had great respect for Fr. Grassi, and desired to receive from his hands the last rites of religion. Fr. Kohlmann too, was present at the Archbishop's death, having gone to Baltimore from Whitemarsh, where he was Master of Novices. In a sermon delivered to the students on the Sunday following the venerable Archbishop's death, Dec. 3rd, 1815, Fr. Grassi told of the edifying death of the saintly prelate, of his resignation, etc. Just before his death, he said to Fr. Grassi: 'There is one thing that more than any other gives me consolation at this moment, and that is that I have placed my Archdiocese under

the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary.' These words I heard from the lips of Fr. Grassi in the College chapel.

I too, can testify to his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and at the same time to his great humility. Having to visit Baltimore from time to time on business, I lodged at the Cathedral, of which Fr. Enoch Fenwick of our Society was pastor. The Archbishop would spend about half an hour in recreation every evening after supper with the Reverend gentlemen. The servant would then ring the bell for night prayers, when two women from the kitchen, and one man, all colored, would assemble in the Archbishop's room, where all knelt down while he recited the night prayers. I shall never forget the slow and impressive manner in which he recited, on his knees every night, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, for his three negro servants. His house adjoined St. Peter's Church. One small room served him for parlor, study, etc., and a small chamber up stairs was his bed-room. His manner of living was very plain and simple. Archbishop Carroll had been a professed Father of the Society of Jesus.

EARLY CATALOGUES OF THE RE-ESTABLISHED AMERICAN MISSION.

The American Mission of the Society was re-established October 10th, 1806. In accordance with the directions given by Very Rev. Father Gruber to Bishop Carroll [1] the annual catalogues were prepared and sent to Russia. Unfortunately, however, copies of these catalogues do not seem to have been preserved, as the earliest complete catalogue in our Archives bears the date of 1820. An effort has been made to supply this defect; with what success, may be judged from the specimen that follows — the first of the series.

Various authentic sources of information have been consulted; these include the Records of the Novitiate, made available through the kindness of Father Tisdall; extracts from Father McElroy's diaries furnished by Father Devitt; and the letters of Archbishops Carroll and Neale and those of Father Kohlmann. The Woodstock collection of early American Catholic books has been of great help. Each name and place given rests on positive documentary evidence; the dates in the present catalogue are those of Brother Foley's *Collectanea*, the catalogues of 1820 and 1821, and the Records of the Novitiate.

There is some reason for thinking that Fathers John Bolton and Ignatius B. Brooke, who were at Newtown in 1807, renewed their vows in the re-established Society, but the fact is as yet not clearly established. P. H. K.

Catalogus Sociorum

MISSIONIS AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ

SOCIETATIS JESU

INEUNTE ANNO 1807

Primus post Missionem Restitutam

[1] LETTERS, Vol. XV, p. 117.

R. P.

ROBERTUS MOLYNEUX

Superior Missionis, a die 27 Junii, 1805

IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ

COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

R. P. Robertus Molyneux, *Rector a die 1 Octobris, 1806*
P. Franciscus Neale, *Mag. nov., Præf. eccl. SS. Trinit., Novitius*
P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Soc. mag. nov., Prof. philos., Novitius*
P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr., Stud. ling. angl.*
P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr., Stud. ling. angl.*
P. Petrus Epinette, *Prof. theol. et ling. lat., Novitius*

Auditores Theologiæ

Benedictus J. Fenwick, *Nov. schol.*
Enoch Fenwick "
Jacobus Spinck "
Leonardus Edelen "

Auditores Philosophiæ

Carolus Bowling, *Nov. schol.*
Gulielmus Queen "
Jacobus Ord "
Michael White "

Novitii Coadjutores

Joannes McElroy
Patritius McLaughlin

Omnes a die 10 Octobris, 1806

IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

P. Carolus Neale, *Oper.*, *Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli*

RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

P. Sylvester Boarman, *Oper.*

IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

RESIDENTIA AD SS. TRINITATIS

P. Adamus Britt, *Oper.*

Residentiæ Conewaginensis, Goshenhoppenensis, Lancastriensis et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphiæ, in Statu Pennsylvaniæ, et Bohemiensis, Neopolitana, Fridericopolitana, Alba Paludana, et illa quæ est ad S. Josephi in comitatu, Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

VITA FUNCTUS

P. Sewall, Carolus, 10 Nov. 1805, Resid. ad S. Thomæ

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DAKOTA.

St. Francis Mission, Feb. 15th, 1887.

Reverend Father in Christ,

P. C.

Since I wrote to you last, many things in our mission have changed for the better. The new agent has thus far satisfied all our just demands, and we have every reason to thank God for the favorable turn things have taken in this respect. We have a pretty good number of boys—forty to forty-five—and their conduct has improved considerably. They make no more attempts to run away, and when now and then we allow them to visit their parents, they come back regularly at the appointed time. However, we were forced to dismiss some unruly and restless spirits who were trying to influence others; but by this action we have secured peace and tranquillity for the rest. We have also succeeded in obtaining very gratifying results in the education of our children. On Christmas day our dear little savages were able to give a little exhibition, at which we had singing and speaking in English and Sioux. In spite of the intense cold, many whites and Indians were present both at High Mass in the morning and at the exhibition in the evening. All were well satisfied with the exhibition and the children were delighted with the little presents which our poverty allowed us to give them.

The children are learning willingly and assiduously. They have already learned by heart the ordinary prayers, the acts of faith, hope and charity, the act of contrition, a part of the catechism and a good amount of Bible history. You can easily understand what this means, when you reflect that all this has been obtained from children who can neither read nor write. They are making pretty good progress in these branches also, and for a few who show more talent, we have started a special class in which we have practice in reading, while the rest are still learning the alphabet. The same must be said with regard to writing and arithmetic.

In order to be of greater help to the adults and to grant their desire to be baptized, we have been preaching every Sunday since last November a short sermon in the Sioux language. As a consequence we have the consolation of numbering several catechumens. A woman sixty years old

has been baptized and her husband will soon follow her example. Another woman will also soon receive baptism. Others will follow when they are sufficiently instructed.

I don't know whether I have already introduced to you my two fellow-laborers in this forsaken part of the Lord's vineyard; I shall therefore do so now. The first, Fr. Jutz, so far has had but little immediate intercourse with the Indians, as building and the care of souls among the whites in three stations in Nebraska, claim his whole attention. Formerly, as you know, he labored in St. Stephen's mission, Wyoming Terr., till the call of his Superiors transferred him to Dakota. What brought about this call is not mine to investigate; what I do know for certain is that Fr. Jutz left his dear mission with deep regret, a regret which gave rise to unkind judgments about him, as if he had unwillingly obeyed the order of his Superiors. All who are acquainted with Fr. Jutz know well in how high a degree he possesses the virtue of obedience and how accustomed he is to sacrifice everything willingly and without remonstrance to holy obedience. At present, Fr. Jutz is at Fort Totten to learn thoroughly the Sioux language, under the guidance of Rev. Father Jerome Hunt, O. S. B. Fr. Florentine Digmann, my second fellow-laborer, came here last August from Prairie du Chien, where for many years he was general prefect in the College of the Sacred Heart. He has charge of the surveillance of the boys, teaches catechism and Bible history in the school and preaches alternately with me every other Sunday. We also alternate in visiting the sick and calling upon the Indians within and outside Coarse Voice Camp.

All the time that is left us after the numerous visits from Indians, or that is not taken up by our other duties, we employ in the study of the language. Because on Sunday we preach in Sioux, it does not follow that we already speak the language fluently. By dint of hard labor and with the help of grammar and dictionary, one may write a short instruction, memorize it and deliver it, although in ordinary life he may be perfectly helpless. I remember that for several years this was precisely the case with me in English. We must have patience, and the older we get the more patience we need in learning a language.

Now, my dear Father, I hope, with what reason you yourself may judge, that you will be satisfied with me. At any rate the trouble of writing this letter deserves at least a small share in your pious prayers and holy Sacrifices, for the writer and his dear mission; this, I assure you, will compensate me fully. Farewell, and now and then please

let some news from the civilized world come to us a toto divisos orbe Dakotas.

Ræ Væ servus in Xto.

E. M. PERRIG, S. J.

A STATUE OF FATHER MARQUETTE IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

On the 23rd of March, 1887, the Senate of Wisconsin passed a bill, introduced by Senator George C. Ginty, enacting that the statue of Fr. Marquette be placed in the old hall of Representatives in the national capitol at Washington. This hall is in the south wing of the central building and is the most beautiful apartment of the whole edifice. In 1864, by a decree of Congress, it was set apart for the reception of the historical statues which the States were invited to contribute. Each State may send two statues. The subjoined extract is taken from the report of the Senate of Wisconsin, which has chosen as one of its notables Fr. Marquette.

The bill was read as follows:

A BILL authorizing the governor to have placed in the old hall of the house of representatives at Washington, a statue of Père Marquette.

The people of the State of Wisconsin, represented in the Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. By section 1817 of the revised statutes of the United States, each of the states is invited to provide and to present to congress for erection in the old hall of the house of representatives at Washington, marble or bronze statues of one or two of its deceased residents who have been illustrious for their historic renown, or their distinguished civic or military services, such as the state shall determine to be worthy of this national commendation; and it is hereby enacted that Père Marquette be and is hereby designated by the state of Wisconsin as one of such persons.

SECTION 2. The governor is hereby authorized and directed to have placed in the hall of said house of representatives a statue of Père Marquette, the faithful missionary whose work among the Indians, and explorations within the borders of the state in the early days, are recognized all over the civilized world.

SECTION 3. There is hereby appropriated out of the state treasury a sum sufficient to carry out the purposes of this act.

SECTION 4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Mr. Ginty said:

Mr. President: Some time since, my old friend, Gen. Hobart, suggested that as Wisconsin was entitled to two statues in the hall of the House of Representatives at our national capitol, one ought to be placed there in honor of Père Marquette, the explorer, the missionary; and the more

I thought of the subject the more I became impressed with the justice of it.

The result of that consideration is bill No. 10 S., which I had the honor to introduce, and which has received a unanimous report from the committee on State Affairs, and also from the committee on Claims.

* * * * * * * * *

No man can study our western history without feeling that if ever an unselfish being walked the earth, it was the missionary who planted the cross on the shores of Lake Superior in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

Of Marquette, to whom the bill proposes to erect a statue, it is proper to make a brief biographical sketch. He belonged to one of those glorious old French families of Laon, whose sons divided between the army and the church —one half donning the humble garments of the Jesuit missionary, while the others sought glory in the dazzling wars of France, midst the clash of arms and the din of battle.

James Marquette in 1654, entered the church, and after studying for twelve years, expressed a desire to share the hardships and privations of a missionary to America. Landing at Quebec, he was soon after assigned to duty among the Indians on the shores of the great lake, where he devoted his time to learning the different languages of the tribes, and becoming acquainted with them. We hear of him in 1669, at La Pointe, in this state, and the journals of his life and work there are among the very interesting annals found in our excellent State Historical Society. The roof of the church where he erected his altar was often frescoed with the blue of the sky and the stars of heaven. His cathedral walls were the stately pines in the great forest; the incense came from fragrant fern and flowers wild; the trembling notes of the organ were supplanted by the carol of birds. No bell rang out its chimes to call to sermon and to prayer; and that humble Jesuit priest needed not a costly biretta, or golden vestments, to proclaim him Nature's cardinal.

* * * * * *

While engaged in his work at La Pointe, he had written several letters to his superior at Quebec, regarding explorations of the country; and in 1673, Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, desired him to find the 'Great river' — traditions of which had come through Indian sources—and with the Sieur Joliet, he started on his journey to find the Mississippi, its source, and where it emptied. Proceeding in canoes, he skirted the shores of the lakes and entered Green Bay — then generally known as the Bay of

Pauns — stopping at Mennomonie to hold religious services among the Indians. The spot where Green Bay now stands was the farthest country known. Here he remained a short time, and met Allouez, who had established a mission. But the ardent desire to accomplish his work would not let him remain long, and he went up the Fox river, into Lake Winnebago, camping where the city of Oshkosh now stands, and where there was a large gathering of Indians. They urged him not to proceed farther; told him of the strange tribes he would meet, and that danger would be found at every step. More determined than ever, he proceeded on his way up the Fox and down the Wisconsin, until he reached the spot where the latter river empties into the Mississippi, and where Prairie du Chien now stands. Descending the great stream, he proceeded as far as the Arkansas, until stopped by hostile Spaniards, when he returned back to the Illinois river, and following that, reached Lake Michigan. The trip was replete with dangers. At almost every step there were hostile Indians, whose language he knew not. Three months were consumed in making the journey, and 2,549 miles traversed. Maps of his discoveries, from Green Bay to the Arkansas, and through Illinois, were made by him and sent to France. They were the first ever drawn. The exposures he had been subjected to since entering upon his Lake Superior mission, were beginning to be felt, and he was prostrated at the close of his last trip for a long while. It is unnecessary to go into the details of his subsequent work; hours could be consumed in the recital.

Two years after this, we find him with two Frenchmen, trying to reach Mackinac. They started in canoes from where Chicago now stands, and followed the eastern shores of Lake Michigan. Marquette was completely prostrated and had to be carried ashore at night. When the river about opposite Milwaukee was reached, he felt that the spirit within him was slowly preparing for flight. Calling his attendants around, he bade them hold up the crucifix, that the last object his eyes could see would be the cross — the symbol of a Saviour and a religion he loved. His faith in the future was so strong that in bidding farewell to those faithful companions on that lonely stream, it seemed to say:

> ——'give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not "Good Night," but in some brighter clime
> Bid me "Good Morning."'

Wrapped up in cedar bark, the body was buried by the side of the stream—the rippling water singing his requiem, and the river named after him.

I have said that the river upon whose banks the life of the tired explorer ebbed out, and where his devoted companions buried him with the cross above his grave, was called after him, and the village that grew up was named Père Marquette. That is true. But the greed for gold in this fair world of ours brings also a disposition to elbow patient merit and well-won fame aside, to make room for the vulgar swagger of the *parvenu*, grown insolent from the flush of easily acquired wealth. And so, one day, the sponge of influence wiped the name of Père Marquette from the map, and the name of an owner of a plethoric bank-account appeared in its stead. O shame! where was thy blush, when this occurred!

* * * * * *

The pages of history are replete with the knight-errantry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when men drenched the fields of Palestine with blood, in the endeavor to replace the crescent with the cross. How different with Marquette three centuries later! Burning with an ardent desire to spread among the untutored children of the forest the teachings of a Saviour, and to make discoveries of rivers and countries in a new world, he used the lessons of love to change the pagan belief of the Indian into that Faith which brings content and peace to Christian hearts; while his explorations were carried on with an energy far beyond his physical power. Civilization and religion, it is said, go hand in hand, and where the cross is established, the land grows rich with golden sheaves, and sunlight drives away the damp and dews of darkness.

In speaking of the work accomplished by Marquette, a historian truly says:

'No voyage so important has since been undertaken; no results so great have ever been produced by so feeble an expedition. The discoveries of Marquette, followed by the enterprises of La Salle and his successors, have influenced the destinies of nations; and passing over all political speculations, this exploration first threw open a valley of greater extent, fertility and commercial advantages, than any other in the world.'

'*The people of the West will build his monument*,' says the great historian Bancroft, in Vol. 3, of the History of the United States.

—Let us commence the work *now*. Let it go as the tribute of the West, not only to the faithful Marquette, but as a salute to the tri-color of France, and a reminder that at least Wisconsin is not forgetful of the country that sent a La Fayette and an army to help achieve the independence of

the United States—an army that contained three Marquettes, who laid down their lives as a sacrifice to the cause of liberty, as their relative did for Christianity and civilization. It will be some return for the compliment Bartholdi paid in presenting to this government the statue of Liberty which adorns New York harbor. Let it also be a reminder that Wisconsin owes much to its early pioneers— nine-tenths of whom were French. 'They penetrated where even the sword of the conqueror could not cleave his way.' They were the first on the rivers; it was their axe that echoed in the woods, where the preparatory step was made in converting pine into the lumber that encased comfortable homes. That nationality is not strong enough to stand at the door of political state conventions and demand recognition; their habitations are usually away from the large cities; but it affords me great pleasure and satisfaction to stand here and pay them even this humble tribute to their worth and what they have done.

The motto of our noble commonwealth is '*Forward.*' Let us be so in recognizing the merits of Marquette; the first in carrying out Bancroft's prophecy. Let us halt in the hurrying march of life — in the fierce strife for wealth and position—and looking back two centuries at Marquette the man — Marquette the explorer — Marquette the *voyageur* missionary—let us point to his as one of the

> ——'few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die.'

* * * * * *

Mr. President, when we draw aside the faded portieres of the past— broidered as they are with the heroes of history, and outlined with the flowers of tradition — and gaze into the vaulted chambers of the departed years, we see his face. We find many there who have been an honor to the west; men who were true to their manhood in times of trial; men whose intellects sparkled, diamond-like, amidst their fellow beings; men of dauntless integrity; men who offered their lives for their country; but away beyond all these, shining through the filmy mists of ages, comes Père Marquette.

'*He* fought the good fight;' '*They* kept the faith.'

Let us place him where he belongs, with the heroes of America, that our children, and our children's children, may give honor to the explorer, the patriot, the apostle.

At the close of Senator Ginty's speech, the bill was ordered to a third reading; after which, Senator N. L. James,

of Richland, moved that all rules be suspended, and the bill put upon its passage, which motion prevailed. The bill was then unanimously passed. Later on in the session, the Assembly concurred in the measure, and Gov. Rusk approved it.

THE VERY REVEREND FATHER PETER BECKX,

TWENTY-THIRD GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

1795—1887.

The following sketch of the life of our late Father General, who died piously at Rome on the 4th of March, 1887, after having wisely governed the Society for over thirty years, has been compiled mostly from the *Précis Historiques* of April, 1887.

Peter John Beckx was born on the 8th of February, 1795, in the little Belgian town of Sichem, which is situated about three miles from Diest, the birth-place of Blessed John Berchmans. While he was yet a child his widowed mother took up her residence with her brother M. Pierre Theyskens, who imparted to young Beckx the first rudiments of learning, and watched over his advancement with a father's care. But having lost this devoted relative in 1803, the little scholar was committed to the tutorship of an old Carthusian Father, named Moreels. In the month of October, 1808, he left Fr. Moreels in order to begin his humanities at a Latin school of the neighboring village of Testelt. One can scarcely believe to-day in what a humble college the future General of the Society of Jesus began to acquire his knowledge of belle-lettres. A large room, with a floor of hardened clay, very low ceiling and but one small window through which the light of the sun could enter, was the school wherein about a hundred boys of the country around learned their Latin and catechism, and prepared themselves for the priesthood or for professional careers. The master, John Baptist Peeters, was a finished Latin scholar, who had studied for the church, but had been prevented by the outbreak of the French revolution from following his vocation. The esteem in which he was held in the neighboring country shows that he was an effective teacher; that he was moreover a model teacher, who taught his pupils something more than profane learning, is proved by the fact that he merited under the Empire the honor of persecution. His establishment was closed in 1812, by the

French government, and his pupils forced to abandon their studies for the time being. In 1814, however, on the arrival of the allies Peeters re-opened his school and transferred it to Aerschot, where it soon made notable progress. Hither came young Beckx after two years diligently employed in private study and under this excellent man finished his Rhetoric with a success which presaged a brilliant future. But the young student had been as remarkable for his virtues as for his talents; it was with no surprise then that his friends learned that he felt himself called to the ministry of the altar.

On the 15th of September, 1815, Peter Beckx was received into the Grand Seminary of Mechlin, where he studied theology and philosophy. Among the seminarians he was distinguished for his perfect regularity and his love of the interior life, as well as for his earnestness in study and the rapid progress he made in the sacred sciences. One of his professors, M. l'Abbé Sterckx, afterwards Archbishop of Mechlin, and Cardinal, used to take pleasure in saying that Fr. Beckx had been one of the best students of the Seminary, and a youth who in all his conduct manifested the virtues of St. Aloysius. At that time—perhaps earlier even—the fervent seminarian entertained the design of one day entering the Society. He had read and re-read the life of his saintly compatriot, Blessed John Berchmans, and often expressed the wish that he too might devote himself to God under the standard of St. Ignatius. His superiors in the Seminary to whom he manifested his desires, approved and encouraged his religious vocation, but gave him to understand that by entering the Novitiate directly from the Seminary, he would attract upon them the bad will of the Dutch Government. Shortly before the King of Holland had condemned to exile the young Jesuits who, having been expelled from their residence at Destelbergen, had again resumed community life in the buildings of the Archbishop of Ghent. He was obliged, then, to wait until he had finished his studies and had passed some time in parochial duties before he could accomplish his pious purpose. He was ordained priest in the metropolitan church of Mechlin, by the Prince-Archbishop de Méan, on the second Sunday of Lent, the 7th of March, 1819, and on the 11th of March celebrated his first Mass in his native town of Sichem. After spending eight months as curate of the parish of Uccle, situated near the gates of Brussels, he resigned his charge with permission of his Superior, in order to enter the Society.

The Jesuits had just opened a novitiate at Hildesheim, the Episcopal see of which was at that time occupied by

Prince Egon de Furstemberg, who loved and protected the Society. Formerly there had been at Hildesheim a flourishing College. The Prince-Bishop, on the publication of the Bull of suppression, had retained the secularized Jesuits in charge of the teaching in their ancient College. Little by little, however, death thinned their ranks and in 1816, there remained but Fr. Francis Xavier Lüsken, then president of the Seminary. With the permission of Very Rev. Fr. General Brzozowski this worthy priest had again entered the Society re-established by Pius VII. In order to provide for the future of the College, he had asked from Fr. General new auxiliaries. Fathers Van Everbroeck and Van der Moere were accordingly sent from Ghent in the month of September, 1817, with seven Belgian scholastics, who were to finish their theological studies. In the following year after the dispersion of the Novices of Ghent, it was determined to establish a Novitiate at Hildesheim. Here Fr. Beckx arrived on the 28th of October, and had for his first guide in the spiritual life, Fr. Van Everbroeck, who had entered the Society at Polotsk in Russia, June, 1805.

After the usual two years of probation, Fr. Beckx again took up the study of theology and was appointed to teach the seminarians the elements of canon law. At the same time, as he had already familiarized himself with the German language, he employed himself in the ministry of preaching, hearing confessions, and giving retreats to clergy and laity. In 1825, the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt-Köthen, having been converted to Catholicism while in Paris, by Fr. Ronsin of the Society, asked of Fr. General Fortis a Jesuit chaplain. The choice fell on Father Beckx.[1] The position of a Jesuit in a city almost wholly Protestant was one of extreme delicacy and full of difficulties. The sweetness of manner of the young chaplain, the prudence and firmness shown by him and by his protector happily surmounted all obstacles. The Duke officially announced his conversion to Catholicism on the 13th of January, 1826, and on the 25th, Mass was said in the ducal chapel for the first time since the Reformation. In a short time Fr. Beckx had the satisfaction of seeing rooted prejudices disappear before his zeal and prudence. The Catholics, heretofore oppressed, suddenly rose in the esteem of their now tolerant countrymen; a church was built for the Catholics of Köthen, a school for their children, a hospital for the sick and aged and a residence for the pastor of the new parish. In 1830, when

[1] During his novitiate Fr. Beckx had read carefully Fr. Aquaviva's 'Instructions for Confessors of Kings.' The book had been put into his hands by his Master of Novices, who, guided by his insight into the character of Fr. Beckx, foresaw the future usefulness of such reading.

on the death of the Duke, Fr. Beckx accompanied the Duchess to Vienna, he left behind him a flourishing little Catholic community where he had found but twenty Catholics and these strangers in the city. He returned for a while to Köthen in 1833, in order to be present at the solemn consecration of its church. It was in this same year that Fr. Beckx was calumniated by the President of the Consistory of Brunswick, who accused him of attempting the life of a Lutheran minister, through the intermediary of a self-styled Jesuit convert. The affair created a great uproar in Germany, but redounded finally to the honor of the Jesuit, who was twice declared wholly guiltless by Protestant tribunals.

Fr. Beckx was stationed at the capital of Austria for more than twenty years, as chaplain of the Duchess-dowager of Anhalt. For a long time he was the only Jesuit residing at Vienna. By his zeal, his charity, his good judgment, his wisdom in guiding others, he contributed greatly to raising the reputation of the Society in the esteem of very many persons of rank and influence, whom the prejudices of Protestantism and the Josephism of the last century had deceived. During his residence at Vienna besides the office of chaplain which he filled to the Duchess of Anhalt, he preached in the various churches and chapels of the capital, with an unction and force that was productive of very important results.[1] Very Rev. Fr. Roothaan, then General, put great trust in the wisdom and counsels of Fr. Beckx. He had opportunities of knowing him intimately and of appreciating him during his occasional sojournings in Rome. From 1830 to 1849, Fr. Beckx was entrusted by Fr. General with very delicate and important missions in Lombardy, Bavaria and Hungary. In the latter year he was recalled to his native country to act as secretary to the Belgian Provincial. On the 10th of October he was appointed Rector of the Scholasticate at Louvain. Many eminent qualities, but above all his tender charity during the raging of a contagious disease had endeared him to his community. It was natural, then, that his departure from them, even though called to a field of greater usefulness, should cause feelings of deep regret. In February, 1852, he was charged by Very Rev. Fr. Roothaan with a new and important mission in Vienna. On the 8th of September of the same year, Fr. Beckx was named Provincial of Austria. Shortly after, he had the pleasure of seeing removed by imperial decree the obstacles which opposed the re-entrance of the Jesuit Fa-

[1] Several of these sermons preached in German have been published. See De Backer, *Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus.* 2e *édition, tom.* 3, *col.* 1956.

thers into their houses at Innspruck, Lintz and Lemberg, etc., whence the revolutionary movement of 1848 had expelled them. In the month of June, 1853, he was obliged to go to Rome to attend, as Provincial, the General Congregation convened by order of Fr. Roothaan. The latter died on the 22nd of June and on the 2nd of July, Fr. Beckx was elected on the first ballot, General of the Society.

From this time the life of Very Rev. Fr. Beckx becomes a part of the history of the Society, of which he was head. His Generalship, as that of all his predecessors—more especially, perhaps, in our disturbed times—had its trials and consolations, its sorrows and joys. It is the glory of the Society and its heritage to take a part, humble though it be, in the combats and triumphs of the church militant. We shall mention briefly, only the principal events of both kinds which fell to the share of our late General.

Father Beckx brought to his arduous office exceptional qualifications, gifts of nature which grace had perfected. He brought the experience and merits of a life religiously spent even among those taken up with the vanities of the world; a judgment far seeing and prompt; a profound knowledge of men and the affairs of men; faultless manners and a refined sense of propriety; a firmness and dignity which knew how to command when there was need of command, but which ordinarily was hidden by his fatherly goodness and humble simplicity; a spirit of faith ever active which made him seek only the greater glory of God; a confidence that nothing could shake; a serenity which, in spite of an extreme sensibility of heart, was undisturbed in the severest trials. This harmonious blending of strength and sweetness, the ascendency of which was felt by all who approached him, merited for him the filial love and respect of his great religious family. Briefly, his government may be characterized by the the two words: *suaviter et fortiter*.

His generalship, longer than that of any of his predecessors, one only excepted,[1] was at the same time one of the most prosperous and full of trials. The membership of the Society was more than doubled; many of its ancient provinces were re-established in Ireland, France, Portugal, Spain and America; new missions were created and those existing extended; the education of youth, a work so dear to

[1] Fr. Claudius Aquaviva governed the Society for three months longer. He was elected on February the 19th, 1581, and died at the age of sixty-two, January the 31st, 1615, having been General for thirty-three years, 11 months and thirteen days. Fr. Beckx was elected July the 2nd, 1853, and died March the 4th, 1887, having been General thirty-three years, eight months and two days. But no General of the Society attained the patriarchal age of ninety-two years.

the Society, was developed with such success as often to cause, the withdrawal of the moiety of civil liberty already conceded to the Jesuits. Numerous letters addressed to the Society remain as monuments of his wisdom and piety, and watchful zeal. Lastly, a legion of new models and protectors was obtained by the canonization or beatification of more than eighty Jesuits, all, with the exception of three, missionaries or martyrs. Such are in larger outline the fruits of his productive government.

But these were gathered through many difficulties and at the cost of many sufferings. At the very beginning of his Generalship, a persecution raised against the members of the Society in Spain, groundless accusations of political intrigue made against them in Naples and the spoliation of those at Fribourg, prepared him for more sorrowful trials. He saw in 1859 and 1860, his religious expelled from nearly the whole of the Italian peninsula; in 1866, banished from the Province of Venice, in 1868; driven out of Spain, in 1871; massacred in Paris, as in 1860, they had been in Syria; in 1873, proscribed in Germany on the inauguration of the Kulturkampf, and finally in 1880, forcibly ejected from their houses and Colleges in France and all her colonies. We say nothing of South America, where the expulsion of the Jesuits seems to recur every four or five years, with the regularity of a periodic fever. And under his very eyes, after the sacrilegious invasion of Rome by the Piedmontese, Fr. Beckx had seen the ancient heirlooms of the Society, the churches where repose the bodies of her saints, the Colleges, libraries, museums and observatories, created and built by her scholars and scientists, suddenly become the possessions of a hostile government. The protest which he addressed on this occasion to Victor Emmanuel, was so replete with religious eloquence and force as to draw admiration even from the despoilers.

In 1873, on the expulsion of the Jesuits from the professed house of the Gesù, Fr. General was kindly received by M. l'Abbé Van den Branden, Rector of the Belgian College. His stay here was of short duration. It was recognized that the residence of the General in Rome was at the time impossible. The unsettled state of affairs prevented any definite resolutions from being taken. Finally, Florence was chosen as a temporary resting-place, whither Fr. Beckx, accompanied by Mgr. Van den Branden and Fr. Anderledy, then Assistant for Germany, set out on the 30th of October, 1873. This provisional arrangement lasted longer than had been anticipated. Fr. General spent more than ten years in the ancient convent of San Girolamo at Fiesole, whence

he continued to govern the Society, until the advanced age of ninety warned him that it was more prudent to lay the burden on younger shoulders. A General Congregation was then convoked at Fiesole, on the 24th of September, 1883, which elected as Vicar-General, with right of succession, Very Rev. Fr. Anderledy, and to him six months later Fr. Beckx committed entirely the government of the Society. The remaining years of his life were spent in Rome. Fr. Anderledy wishing to meet his unexpressed desire, sent him to pass his last days in the quiet and solitude of San Andrea, near the tomb of St. Stanislaus and in the midst of the cherished memories of the old Novitiate of the Society. But even this consolation was to be denied him. The Roman municipality had determined to carry a new street through the Novitiate, and Fr. Beckx was obliged, on the 29th of October, 1886, to leave San Andrea. After a few days passed at Castel Gandolfo, he took up his residence at the Hotel Costanzi, shortly before acquired as a residence for the pupils of the German College. On entering the building the venerable old man yielding to fatigue and emotion said to his companion: 'Is it not a strange thing that the Father General of the Society of Jesus should be obliged in the city of Rome, within a few yards of the Gesù, of the Roman College and San Andrea, to go and seek in a hotel a lodging where he may die in peace. But God's will be done. It is now nearly seventy years since I began to learn in the school of Him who had not whereon to lay his Head.' The winter set in very severe. In spite of every precaution and care the health of Fr. Beckx declined visibly. However, on the 8th of February, surrounded by his children of the Society and the students of the German College, he was able to celebrate quietly his ninety-second birthday. Five days after his condition became very serious.

The following extract from a letter of Fr. Lavigne, will give an account of his last moments.

On Saturday, February the 26th, our venerated Father complained of fatigue and was unable to say Mass. We thought this a passing cloud, but were soon impressed with the gravity of his condition. He himself was not deceived, for he said to the physician, 'These are my last days.'

On the morrow the doctor directed that the Holy Viaticum should be administered, not that there was any immediate danger, but considering the advanced age of the venerable patient, the worst might be apprehended at any moment. During the night he became worse and his mind began to wander. He imagined that he was an exile; that he had been put out of the house and deprived of his habit. In

his more lucid moments he took his delirium to be a trick of the devil to prevent him from resting, for I must tell you that his constant endeavor during life had been to preserve peace of soul. He was naturally of an ardent imagination which he had always held in check; but of late years he was powerless to do so. Sorely grieved at this, he would sometimes tell me, 'My soul can no longer remain quiet before God; my imagination runs wild.' And when in these last years, I made answer, 'Your Paternity should not think of it.' 'It is easy to say that,' was the rejoinder, 'but to do it is quite another thing; I can no longer control my imagination.' It was for this reason that during his sickness, he was very fond of using holy water, and seemed delighted whenever I sprinkled his bed with it. This he also did himself; and when his hands would refuse him that little service and I would trace upon his forehead as upon a child's, the sign of the cross with the holy water, his joy and thanks knew no bounds. Once, however, he succeeded in dipping the ends of his fingers in the holy water stoup, and pronouncing the sacred words made, with the utmost solemnity, a great sign of the cross. Then he stopped awhile reflecting that he could not bless the devil, and added with vehemence: 'May God drive thee off and cast thee back into the nethermost depths of Hell.' What shall I say of his conformity to God's will? When yet at Fiesole, his soul was filled with apprehensions. The execution of the decrees against the Society was hourly expected. A letter came conveying to him the sad intelligence of their publication. Interrupting the reading of that harrowing news, he went to his prie-dieu, and said, '*Ita Pater*, thy will be done, my God,' and resuming his seat he ordered the reader to proceed. He prayed that the spirit of the Society should be kept alive in its members. It was his last recommendation to some scholastics. Showing them his rosary, 'I shall finish it that God may give you that grace,' he said. The wandering of his mind fatigued him much. He could enjoy no rest, yet always accepted with joy my offer to say with him a decade of the rosary; prayer would calm him and gradually lull him to sleep. His last words were addressed to one of our Coadjutor Brothers. Shortly before his death, he took the hand of one of them and said: 'Good bye, Brother, I thank you.' A great lesson, surely, given us by a Father General of the Society of Jesus. He loved the Brothers very tenderly, and recommended Superiors in his letters, to take special care of them.

He was fast growing worse, both his fever and catarrh making headway. The dear Father himself was unaware

that there was any cause for alarm; he even said jestingly to the community: 'See, you have abundance to eat, and you allow me a little broth.' On the eve of his death it was expected that a change would occur, which would give the disease a favorable turn. In fact, towards the hour of the 'Ave Maria,' a sudden perspiration got the better of the fever, but alas! it soon returned more violent than ever. The patient's agitation was extreme; two persons were in constant attendance during that night. I was ordered to bed because I had been at his side all the previous nights. Towards midnight I was sent for. I found the venerable patient in a state of complete prostration. He coughed with great difficulty and the catarrh was choking him. 'Paternity,' I said, 'would you like to receive Holy Communion.' 'Oh! gladly, gladly,' was his reply. Early in the morning I offered the Holy Sacrifice in a little chapel near his room. He was attentive to every part of the Mass, so much so that on hearing the bell at the elevation, he took off his cap, and bowed his head. He received our Blessed Lord with serenity and happiness and spent one half hour in thanksgiving. He spoke no more, and we scarcely knew if he retained consciousness. As he had expressed the desire to die holding the crucifix he had brought with him from Fiesole, the same which had received the last breath of St. Aloysius, Rev. Father Rector took it from its case and said, 'Paternity, here is the crucifix of St. Aloysius. The venerable patient moved his lips as if he longed to kiss it, and even raised his head a little. It was then we understood he had still his consciousness. Father Rector aided by two students from the German College administered the rites of Extreme Unction, and in the meanwhile, the dying Father's breathing became, as we could not fail to notice, very painful. We had, however, full time to recite those prayers he loved so much, the prayers for the departing soul and a little after 5 o'clock, he went to receive his crown, without, as his confessor declared, passing through the cleansing fires of purgatory. Notwithstanding this assurance we must pray for him, for God's judgments are not ours. One of our Fathers belonging to the German College has taken an admirable likeness of him. He is clad in his Jesuit gown and wears the chasuble.

What shall I say of his virtues? To a casual observer he seemed the most tranquil of men, but he was far from being so in reality. His temper was not what should be called violent, but quick, and his heart, his whole being, sensitive in a wonderful degree. You may judge of this by the following incident which he himself related to me. When a little boy,

if the clouded sky announced a coming storm, unable to control himself he would leave the house, and run with all his speed through the neighboring fields. Grace alone could master that ardent nature, and so successfully did it do so, that in health or in sickness no unevenness of temper was ever noticed in him. The keenness of his sensibilities was the cause of great suffering to him. The slightest want of regard gave him pain and he was quick to perceive the smallest breach of charity. Hence his sedulous care to avoid whatever might hurt others. The Coadjutor Brother appointed to wait upon him, had filled that office for thirty years. In those latter days he would help him even to put on his stockings. Sometimes the Reverend Father would offer some suggestions as to how those little duties should be performed; then fearing that he had spoken harshly to the Brother he would repair to his room and beg his pardon; the Brother scarcely knew why. And this was our Father's practice not once a year but well-nigh every week. The prayers of the Liturgy always had a great attraction for our venerable Father, especially the *Ave Maris Stella*, on the words of which he loved to dwell. He generally prayed according to the second method of St. Ignatius without aiming at rising to the high contemplation of ecstasy. He sought God's good pleasure and often repeated, 'May God be satisfied with me.'.

On setting out for a walk, 'Let us do it to please God,' was the unfailing remark; and again: 'I should so like to know if God is pleased with me!' Every day, I read for him during a quarter of an hour or a half hour. When he felt fatigued he would tell me, 'Let us have a chapter of the Imitation.' 'But, Paternity, you are tired.' 'Yes; but one verse; God will see my good will and be content.' He had a word of thanks for everybody, and never failed to return the salute of each one who passed him, were it even the least of the novices. Sometime before his death, I was obliged almost to carry him, so difficult and painful had walking become to him. One day, we met on the way the seminarians of the German College. As they doffed their hats to him, he insisted on returning each one's salutation. I interfered, 'Your Paternity should have a care where you place your foot. It is their duty to salute you, but you expose yourself to a fall in saluting them all. 'You are right,' he simply replied. We would sometimes devise some little contrivance to afford him relief in his sufferings. If we failed he would humbly remark: 'Can I not suffer something; let it be.'

I must close this by requesting of you the boon of your prayers. In a few days, I shall take my leave of Rome, but we shall meet in Paradise with Very Reverend Fr. General.

The Mass of Requiem was sung on the morning of the death of Fr. Beckx, and at 4 o'clock in the evening the body, accompanied by three carriages containing Fr. General, the Fathers Assistants and some other Fathers, was conveyed without pomp or ceremony, but quietly and modestly as beseems a General of the Society, to our burial vault in the Campo Verano. The public and official services took place on the following Thursday.[1] Thus ended the earthly career of one who for more than thirty years guided the destinies of the Society and will not cease, we are sure, from the height of heaven, to protect what he loved and governed so well.—R. I. P.

UCLÉS.

MONASTERIO DE SANTIAGO,
EASTER MONDAY, April 11th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.
P. C.

* * * * * *

Our monastery is a regular stronghold of Moorish times, forming a perfect square. The small town of Uclés, lying at the foot of the eminence, crowned by the old battlements, forms quite a picturesque landscape. We inhabit the cells of the former knights of Santiago. But they have of cells only the name, for they consist of one large hall, with three small adjoining rooms; thus the quarter we inhabit consists of a beautiful room twenty-eight feet by twenty-two. This is used as a study hall by an old acquaintance of yours and your humble servant; besides, each one has a sleeping apartment of about the size of an attic-room in Woodstock. As we are on the sick-list, we have the privilege of a stove. Should I now descend to Uclés, it would take a far abler pen than mine to do justice to the landscape and the customs of the inhabitants. Indeed, Spanish villages and customs beggar description.

Here is a sample of their odd customs. In the streets of Uclés can be seen at any time of the day or night an immense black hog, styled hog *de la charitad*, which is owned

[1] See Letter of Rev. Father Provincial, p. 156.

by the sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He begs daily from door to door, and each one contributes a little to the satisfying of his huge appetite. On the eve of the Immaculate Conception, he is raffled off, and with a part of the money thus obtained, a young one is bought and the surplus goes to the treasury of the sodality. The young one in his turn leads the life of his predecessor and shares his fate. Their customs during Holy Week are peculiar enough, I think, to interest you. But let us first go back a few days. On the third Sunday of Lent, we had the procession of the 'Santo Christo.' This is a miraculous statue of the *Ecce Homo*, most hideous from an æsthetic point of view, but highly venerated by the people of Uclés. During the year, it has a special chapel in our church, but on the third Sunday of Lent, it is solemnly carried to the parish church, where it stays till the second Sunday after Easter, when it returns to us. During the past week, four carpenters have been hard at work, building the monument for Holy Thursday. We have nothing to do with it. The town defrays all the expenses. It is indeed very quaint, but at the same time very beautiful, and is besides a traditional work of art. It is simply a stage with its wings, back scenes and border. It represents an arched hall-way leading into a tomb. The façade of the structure is forty feet in width; the height is at least as much, but I do not know the exact measure; the depth is fifty feet. There are thirteen wings, all arched, rising gradually below like a regular stage floor and lowering above, so that towards the background, they form a cave which from a distance has a very attractive and natural appearance. The wings, all oil-painted, represent columns elaborately carved. The proscenium is decorated with pictures of various saints and the arms of the monks, our predecessors, to whom this structure certainly gives great credit.

In Spain, if I may judge by what I witnessed here, everyone has a fixed day to make his Easter-duty. Thus the women receive the 'Bread of the Strong' on the Friday preceding Palm Sunday; the municipal council officially on Holy Thursday; the young men, on Easter Monday; and Easter Tuesday is at the disposal of slow coaches of every description.

On Holy Thursday, Mass began at 7 in the morning and was very largely attended. The municipal council dressed in all the insignia of office, and a host of other gentlemen went to Communion. After Mass there was a solemn procession to the tomb, rendered more impressive by the presence of all the officials carrying candles in their hands. From what I have said of this venerable body of officials,

you may perhaps have concluded, that it must be a wonderful specimen of authority, since it figures everywhere. So it is; though the village is small, yet the officials are very numerous—more so proportionately, I dare say, than the doctors around our little village in the land flowing with milk and honey. Moreover their powers are very ample; they may even exempt from the conscription. This exercise of authority I witnessed a few weeks ago in the case of a young man, who became a lay-brother. Hence you see the importance of being on good terms with so influential a body. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, we had what is called the ceremony 'del Mandato', that is, Rev. Fr. Rector washed in the church the feet of twelve poor men, to each of whom he gave 50 cts, in money—which in Spain is worth five times as much as in America—and a large loaf of bread besides. After the ceremony there was a long sermon by a scholastic. At half-past four a procession was had, during which the brass-band played and in which were borne in pomp all the statues of our Lord and Lady, which could be possibly gathered up. Each statue was carried by six men dressed like penitents, wearing violet dresses. The carrying of these statues is considered a great honor and is an hereditary privilege in a family. The Justice of the peace is always officially present, for quarrels, it seems, sometimes arise between families as to their respective rights. This time they were not satisfied with making the round of the church and house, but all —the women excepted—marched inside and walked around the corridors—or more monastically, 'cloisters.' At half-past seven a grand *Stabat* was sung with organ and brass-band accompaniment, after which the Passion was preached by one of the Scholastics. The whole congregation is always present. During the day, I paid a visit to the parish church and found at the door a list of names; I asked an explanation and was told that this was a list made by the parish priest and that every one thereon was bound to come at the hour assigned him to adore the Blessed Sacrament for one hour. The first name on the list was that of the mayor, who raises claims, however, to being a free-mason. Really to see these various ceremonies, and the way some of them are gone through, though it may sometimes cause a smile, is very edifying and tells that the faith of the people is wondrously fervent. These things have been done from time immemorial, and no circumstance would cause them to be in the slightest degree altered. On Good Friday, the morning office was as usual, but in the afternoon there was much that was novel to me. At two o'clock began the procession, which was the same as on Thursday, but with

one more statue, our Lord in the tomb; as the tomb was of glass, the body was quite visible. When once in our church, they began the devotion of the seven words spoken by our Lord on the cross. An immense Calvary was erected in the church and the pulpit draped in black. First came a song by a choir of girls, in the chorus of which the whole congregation joined, then some orchestral music, then a prayer read by the parish priest, finally a short sermon on one of the words. This was repeated for every one of the words; it lasted a little over two hours—The procession then left the monastery, made the round of the village and returned to the parish church. Truly this ceremony was touching, and here one could see that indifferent Catholics are yet few and far between in this Catholic Spain. One could have ocular demonstration of the renowned faith of the Spaniard. And then what gives a tone of social respectability to all ceremonies, is the fact that whatever is official is bound to assist, and whosoever among the people respects himself, makes it a point to be there; hence the attendance is always large. To my taste, however, the presence of so many matrons becomes a drawback, on account of their noisy charges. Babies indeed are generally very inconvenient on such occasions, and tend as much to distract the audience as to annoy the preacher. Hence babies, I think, should be exempted from attendance. Holy Saturday offered nothing peculiar for narration. On Easter Sunday morning, two processions started from the parish church, taking different directions; one carried the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary; the other that of our Lord. At an appointed place in the village they met; both statues were made to bow to each other, and there was a stand-still. Then the people sang the *Regina Cœli* with band accompaniment, and together they went back to the starting point. I shall tell you the strange plight in which I found myself during that same Easter procession. The order of the procession was this: the men walked first, more or less in ranks; then came the priest; then the town officials closing the rear, among whom I was as a looker on; the women followed. Everything went on well and orderly, till a short while after the two processions had joined, when the band struck up a waltz, and the whole crowd began a sort of rhythmic motion and to proceed at a most lively gait. I was rather slow of locomotion, and before I fully realized it, the men were far ahead and I found myself in the ranks of the women. To walk among them would not of course have been decorous; to catch up with the men was impossible, so I made my way to the nearest house, planted myself against the wall, and let the

whole current flow by. I went alone to the church by a different street, and joined my former companions, who with all respect due to the 'Padre' could not help laughing. You must know the people of Uclés cannot yet fully believe that I am an ordinary human being. They know I came from America, or as they say: '*Ultra mar*'; and this for them includes the idea of at least a little savagery. While I was stationed against that house, the passers by pointed at me crying out, '*Mira, Mira, el Americano.*' I almost regretted having gone to the procession. From this somewhat incoherent narrative, you may easily form some opinion of a corner in old Catholic Spain. In every flock there are black sheep; here too they exist, though few; but the mass of the people is really good, and possesses a faith the like of which I have rarely seen even in the Flemish and Irish country people. With kindest regards to my friends at Woodstock,

I am yours in Xt.,

F. B., S. J.

AMONG THE NEGROES.

Dear Brother in Xt.,

P. C.

You have expressed a desire to know from those who have dealt with the negroes, 'the Brother in Black' as he is styled by some Protestant divines, what hope we may entertain to keep within the true fold those who have been 'christened' Catholics, and to win over those who have been brought up Protestants, or who have strayed away from the Church. I fear I cannot throw much light on the subject. It is true that I have lived over twenty-two years in the South, that I have spent parts of my vacations in teaching little *snow-balls* the catechism, and visiting colored settlements, and that during five years of missionary life, I have sometimes dealt with Catholic negroes; but I have never devoted my care exclusively, or even principally, to the African race. I have often met groups of colored families where Christian virtues flourished in all their beauty, chiefly near the Mobile Bay, in the missions of the saintly Fr. Serra, which are now attended with no less zeal and success by Fr. Jouannet. For instance, in Mont-Louis Island, where an old colored patriarch, named Jacques, had formed a sort of colony, the most pious Catholic practices were observed most faithfully, and it did your heart good to stay a few

days or a few weeks among those good people. When present, good Fr. Serra would set out at 4 A. M. and go round all the cabins, lustily ringing a little bell, and followed by a pack of curs of every degree, that made the welkin ring with their barking, yelping and howling. Of course every body had to get up and go to church. At night, all would attend the prayers, then meet in front of the patriarch's log house, and light a crackling fire, which was supposed to entice out of the house cock-roaches, gnats, and mosquitoes. Whilst the little ones romped about and were scolded by the old crones, their elders kept up a conversation with the *padre* who sat on the veranda attended by Jacques and his wife. Then after an affectionate good-night, they would all go to bed. Whether those customs are kept up now that both the *old man* and the *old woman* are gone, I do not know; but most likely the eldest son has inherited the mild sway of our friend Jacques. In Louisiana, where a large number of negroes, perhaps as many as forty or fifty thousand are Catholic, wherever the Catholic priest is near at hand, they treasure up the faith that they or their fathers have learnt from the *Old Missus* (Anglice, mistress), for very often it was the wife of the planter who taught the children catechism. But throughout the South, wherever Catholic negroes are scattered among Protestants, Catholic faith soon dies out; at least, such is my sad experience. But if you wish my recollections to be of some use to your readers, you must allow me to supplement them by referring to the data contained in the U. S. Census and to the information given us by the apostle and advocate of the colored race, Fr. J. R. Slattery.[1]

If we cast our eyes on the curious diagram inserted between p. 664 and p. 665 of the U. S. Census, we shall see at once that the colored population is more numerous than the white, in three States:

	Excess of col. pop.	
South Carolina . .	154,519	—Ratio to whole Pop. 3-fifths
Mississippi	135,647	" about . . 7-tenths
Louisiana	106,309	" " 11-twentieths

Birth rate of blacks, 33.94 per thousand; of whites 28.86.
Death " " 17.22 " " " 14.04
Ratio of births to deaths, among bl'ks 1.9; whites 2.0

Dr. Billings adds the following significant remark: 'In

[1] Catholic World, April, 1885 and December, 1886.

this section of the country (where the colored population is very large), the deficiencies in the Enumerator's returns of deaths are above the average, and they are greater for the colored than for the white population. So that the difference between the mortality rate of the two races is far greater than that indicated above.' [1]

The future of this race is a problem which must engross the attention of Catholics, if they have not made up their minds to give up a large and growing population to the baneful influence of demagogues, and to the bigoted proselytism of Baptists and Methodists.

In 1880, the population of the United States consisted of 50,155,783 whites, and 6,752,813 blacks. The States which contained the largest colored population might be ranged in the following order:

Georgia	816,906	N. Carolina . .	531,277
Mississippi . .	650,291	Louisiana	483,655
Virginia . . .	631,616	Tennessee . .	403,151
S. Carolina . .	604,332	Texas	393,384
Alabama . . .	600,103	Maryland . . .	210,230

We have omitted in our statement two very important factors. The first is immigration, which brings to our shores the races which have received in an eminent degree the blessing of patriarchs. The second is the progressive and accumulative character of certain causes of mortality, such as vices, looseness of marriage ties, hereditary diseases, which pray upon the black much more than upon the white population. Yet it would seem that from 1870 to 1880 the relative gain of the colored race could be expressed by the ratio .00663, i. e., they had gained 663 per 100,000. But the census compilers make the following observation: 'It is believed by the census office that these apparent gains are due, in a great measure, to the imperfections of the census of 1870. Under the conditions which prevailed at that time it is probable that a much larger proportion of negroes were omitted than of whites. Of the former slave states which have lost, Texas and Florida lead. But these states have received heavy white immigration from other parts of the country, which has more than overbalanced whatever gain in colored population may have been made.' [2]

The same statement is true of Alabama and Georgia, and according to probabilities will eventually prove true of the whole South.

[1] Census, v. xi, p. xxxiv. [2] Vol. i, p. xxxviii.

But if statistics do not prove that 'a handful of states are going to be swallowed up by the negroes; and that the rest of the country will mind its business,' or that 'the negro must rule,' (*Catholic World*, Dec., 1886); yet it is perfectly true that 6,752,813 are now living within the United States, and that they will continue to increase in number, though perhaps with slowly decreasing rapidity. What will become of so many immortal souls? That's the question.

Among those six millions and a half, we cannot claim more than 100,000. The following list of communicant members, belonging to various denominations, is compiled by Fr. Slattery from official sources:

African Methodist Episcopal Church	214,808
Methodist Episcopal Zion Church	190,000
Colored Methodist Episcopal Church	112,300
Methodist Episcopal Church	300,000
Colored Baptists	500,000
	1,317,108

Of course those communicants are people who go from time to time to Protestant churches in order to *partake of the supper*, and to share in the excitement; none the less are they filled with hate and prejudices against the true Church; none the less do they believe in the *Revelations* of Maria Monk.

How did the Protestant denominations secure this comparatively large membership? By an emotional sort of worship, and by a lavish expenditure of money. Negroes are passionately fond of emotional worship; when they have enjoyed a good howling they are perfectly happy, when they *have got religion*, they become uncontrollable. Nervous diseases such as epilepsy and catalepsy are often the consequences of those nightly performances; but they attribute those mysterious ailments to charms or spells which must be taken away by the conjurer. To support the inner man or give the preacher a toothsome dish, they often trespass on the seventh commandment. A village Doctor, himself a Methodist, once told me: 'I am sorry to hear that the niggers (Methodists) shall hold regular meetings.'—'Why are you sorry, Doctor?'—'Because my hogs will run great risks, and it will be impossible to keep chickens.' Where Catholic negroes are scattered, surrounded by Protestants and far from the watchful eye of their pastor, it is next to impossible to prevent them from attending those night meetings: hence many losses. As for conversions, God of course is

all-powerful and all-merciful, but miracles do not gladden the heart of the missionary every day.

But if superstition tears from the bosom of the church many of her children, money is more powerful yet, and Protestants lavish it unsparingly.[1] 'From 1865 to 1881, the Methodist Episcopal Society contributed $200,000,-and lent $50,000 to the *Brother in Black* (sic). The American Missionary Society is carrying on 8 chartered institutions, 12 high and normal schools, and 24 common schools in the South. In all of them there are 7,207 pupils, taught by 163 teachers .... The work of the society in the South costs considerably more than $100,000 a year.' In thirteen years the Freedmen's Aid Society has expended in maintaining or helping 6 collegiate institutions, 3 theological colleges, 10 institutions not chartered, the sum of $893,918. Already in 1880, the American Baptist Home Mission Society had devoted $1,000,000 to similar purposes. One man, Mr. Slater, of Connecticut, gave $1,000,000 in four per cent bonds to form a fund for the education of the colored race.

As a result of their liberality combined with state assistance the Protestants can boast of having in the South 16,793 colored schools attended by 800,113 pupils; whilst the Catholics have only 39 schools, with an attendance of 2,609 pupils. Such are the figures given by Fr. Slattery, on the authority of Protestant official reports. We count as Protestant schools those that are maintained by the local or by the federal government, for whether in the hands of a particular sect, or under school-board management, they are decidedly anti-Catholic.

This vast expenditure of money does not seem to have much benefited the colored race. It is a common saying in the South that school education makes the negroes less fit to earn an honest living, and more dangerous to society. The so-called colored ministers set them the example of vice. In a locality where much iron was produced, and where convict labor was employed, the furnace-man told me that a large number of convicts were negro preachers, and that they were .... *unredeemed* rascals. Since that time, 1884, the company has wisely discarded convict labor. The opinion which those poor people have of their spiritual guides is well shown by the following incident: A colored woman, nearly 80 years old was on the point of death; a Catholic lady who visited her often, had with her the following conversation: 'Auntie, were you ever baptized.' 'No, never! 'Would you like to see a preacher?' 'No, the preachers are worse than I am.' 'But when my priest will

[1] Vide Fr. Slattery, *Facts and Suggestions*, Catholic World, April, 1885.

come, would you like to see him.' 'Oh yes, I would like to see him.' A few days later I happened to be in the neighborhood, and I was brought to the shanty where the poor old woman was dwindling away. She was sitting on a chair to avoid suffocation, and she could not speak any more. The good lady who had brought me in told her: 'Auntie, here is my priest.'—Nod of approbation—'Auntie, do you wish to be baptized?'— A waving of the head clearly said, no! 'Do you wish to be *christened*.' This time the answer was affirmative. Evidently the poor old woman had objected to a ducking, but was anxious to become a Christian. When the water was poured, she made great efforts to catch with her tongue the drops that ran down from her head. Then she expressed her pleasure as best she could, and seemed intent on prayer. Two or three days later, she had ceased to live.

In Louisiana, where a great part of the colored population is Catholic, all that is needed is to multiply the chapels and the schools, and to send them more priests. In cities, some separate churches might be useful, but only where the churches already existing cannot accommodate both whites and blacks. No inconvenience results from both races meeting at the foot of the altar. In the country, the blacks would consider themselves slighted if they were told to worship in churches where they could not meet white men. During the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, we heard Archbishop Perché (then only Very Rev. Perché, V. G.) insisting on the necessity of respecting the ties of affection which bound together both races. In his opinion, it was best to let them kneel at the same communion rail. I deem it as advisable in 1887 as it was in 1866. With regard to schools, the question is very different; there the two races will *not abide together* contentedly; but, strange to say, negroes in the South at least want white teachers; for their own color they have but little use; and when angry, call each other *black nigger!*

What has been said of Louisiana may be applied to all the states or sections of the country where tolerably large Catholic negro settlements can be found. Where the priest can visit them often and watch over his flock, he may retain his hold, or even make a little headway; but where no such settlements exist the difficulties increase a hundredfold. Yet by multiplying both schools and chapels, a great amount of good might be accomplished. It were not wise for the missionary so to confine his ministry to the African race as to exclude the whites who live in the surrounding country. In the first place, *the poor white trash*, as negroes sometimes

call them, are just as destitute spiritually as their *brothers in black*. Moreover he would find it much more difficult to obtain some help from his flock.

What about a colored seminary? — Well, candidly, I do not believe that the time has come for it. Priestly vocation is of slow growth, and I doubt whether the present, or even the next generation could supply the right kind of material; besides, the colored race has to learn how to love and reverence colored priests.

But we might begin with agricultural schools—the Benedictine Fathers are making the experiment. We might perhaps risk a college. In 1866, I met in Baltimore several Southern Bishops who were anxious to make the trial. Bishop Martin spoke in a strain of fervid eloquence; he thought such an institution could be made self-supporting; and for his part, he would send from his diocese alone about sixty scholars. Other prelates, who were present, spoke in the same manner. It did not take much persuasion to make their willing listener promise that he would do all in his power; but his power proved *nil*. Other duties were laid upon him, and the colored college was caught up in the clouds. Yet something could and should be done, if we do not wish to give up the rising generation to Protestant monopoly. Such a college would have to be carried on principally by white men. It might put on military airs. Negroes are very fond of brass buttons, and when they have donned a uniform, they can strut bow-legged with becoming solemnity.

Why not avail ourselves of an inclination that is harmless in itself, and which might enable the heads of the establishment to secure both cleanliness and discipline? The instruction should be thoroughly Catholic, eminently practical, and superior to the intellectual pap served up to the young negroes in the so-called collegiate institutions managed by Protestants. The graduates of a Catholic African college ought to be trained to become leaders among their own people, and to propagate both Catholic and conservative principles. The undertaking is a bold and difficult one, but I think that with judicious management it might succeed. One point is clear, it must be attempted if we want to make new conquests, or even to preserve our beggarly quota of 100,000 colored Catholics.

H.

MISSIONARY WORK AT THE MARYLAND SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

FREDERICK, June 10th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN XT.,

P. C.

I dare say that many among those who read the LETTERS have had no experience with Deaf-Mutes. As no mention, I think, has yet been made in their pages of this class of persons, a brief sketch of a mission among them might be found interesting. Six years have now elapsed since a Catechism class was begun for the Catholic children at the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb in Frederick City. Its origin was humble; so has been its progress, and I may seem to be claiming too much when I ask Ours to give their attention for awhile to what I delight to call 'our little mission.' But it has at least the merit of novelty, and I trust that when the reader has come to the end of this letter, he will feel in his heart the sentiments which I would have it inspire. Much might be said about our successes and failures, much of the personal experience of the Catechist might be related, many little incidents and anecdotes might be told, if space would allow, but, as I am limited, I must try so to shape my remarks that a fair idea of what is being done may be had. Let us see in the first place how the work took its rise.

In the month of September, 1881, shortly after Sunday School had been re-opened at St. John's, a deaf and dumb boy was seen frequently to attend the sessions. Nothing however was done for him, and the poor boy was obliged to sit quietly during the time of school without being permitted to share the spiritual advantages which he sought in common with the other children. But his perseverance was at length rewarded. Mr. Francis Barnum, S. J., was appointed as his teacher and like the Abbé de l'Epée of old, he had first, before attempting any Catechetical instruction, himself to learn from his future pupil how he might communicate with him. The boy, in addition to his deafness, was also afflicted with a partial blindness; and from what I myself know of this same boy's mental abilities, I judge that our first missionary to the Deaf must have had before him anything but a pleasant prospect. Be that as it may,

the work has grown and prospered, so that now it is finishing the sixth year of its existence, and is resting on a firmer basis and has brighter hopes for the future than ever. John F —— was not selfish. When he returned home after his first instruction we may readily imagine with what eagerness he told his companions of the new teacher whom he had found, and he prevailed upon them to accompany him to St. John's on the next Sunday. Mr. Barnum saw his labors increasing. Five boys were soon under his direction and formed the object of his zeal and solicitude. The work thus begun was not to rest here. Attention was naturally directed to the Institution to which the boys belonged, and not many months had passed away before efforts were made to gain an entrance to it. This was accomplished through the tact and prudence of the Catechists, who succeeded in obtaining from Mr. Ely, the Principal of the School, permission to visit the children there. The visits were made on Thursday, and I find from the records left that the boys were then taught. Since then a change has been made, and for the last three years at least it has been customary to catechise the boys on Sunday only, whilst Thursday morning has been reserved for the instruction of the Catholic girls. It is hardly worth while going through the work of the following years in detail, but it will be sufficient merely to mention the general results which have followed. In the second year (1882–83) the class for girls was started. It consisted of five members. The work among the girls has for a long time been very unsatisfactory, but the cause of this has lately been found out and removed. I am now of opinion, basing my judgment on the results of the last few months, that this portion of our mission will yield in times to come no less satisfactory results than the boys' department. The first labors at the School were necessarily attended with many inconveniences. The authorities, though never showing any real opposition, were just prejudiced enough to render the visits there not altogether pleasant. Happily this state of things has passed away, and now all Ours who visit the School are treated with the greatest respect and consideration. Not only is there no stumbling-block put in the way of the work of the mission, but even at times valuable assistance has been given us by the Principal of the School. I might relate many instances of Mr. Ely's generosity in this respect, but want of space again bids me be silent.

The greatest obstacle to the full success of our work has been the unavoidable one attendant upon a frequent change of teachers. Let me quote here the words of an experienced

teacher of the Deaf, who for twelve years has ministered to the wants of the Catholic Mutes. 'The Deaf-Mute', he says, 'likes his teacher, is devoted to him, and is always diffident when he sees a new man. I have experienced it in the twelve years I have lived with them'. Further on, speaking of the disadvantages arising from a frequent change of teachers, he says, 'As soon as you have some influence on the Deaf, I mean to say after two or three years, you are taken away, and it is just the time you can realize that your work is not fruitless.' I do not see as yet any remedy for the evil, but our Lord will, I am confident, make some provision for his very dear children. Catechists have never been wanting, it is true, and when one has been obliged to 'seek fresh fields and pastures new,' another has ever been willing to take his place, in order to carry on the good work. Yet we recognize the necessity of having a fixed teacher, and the opposite state of things has been, we see, the negative cause of much evil. To it can be ascribed the fact that in a way very little fruit has been reaped by us in this portion of the Lord's vineyard.

Here some explanation is necessary. I would not wish anyone to think that our efforts have been fruitless, or that we are dissatisfied. Our undertaking has on the whole been successful beyond our expectations, but for all that, examination has shown during the past year that many of the children, even those who have been attending our classes for four and five years, are far from being instructed as they should be. Some of them have been found ignorant of even the most important truths. This might be a matter of surprise to many, but it is only what should be expected. The Deaf have their especial needs,—they have too their oddities, if so they might be called; and to be able to teach them properly, experience must be had. In fact for a teacher of the Deaf it is of the utmost importance to be thoroughly acquainted with his pupils, to know their peculiar wants, and above all to have their confidence. It is plain that this requires time and cannot be accomplished in one or even two years. One little anecdote I have to mention. It will elucidate what I have just said. A little girl, thirteen years old, whose Catholicity no one could call into question, asked a short time ago, in all seriousness, whether our Lord was a Catholic or a Methodist. This was no evidence of want of faith in the child, for afterwards I tested her in order to satisfy myself of her orthodoxy. I asked her if she was a Catholic. She answered me, with a slight show of indignation, that she was. I then felt assured. But how can such a question be accounted for? Here is my theory. A

little Deaf-Mute spends his first years at home, deprived of that greatest of boons, an early training in piety. If he gets any idea at all of God, or of another world, it is surely not of the clearest. At the age of eight or nine he is sent to the State School. Henceforth he lives in and breathes a Protestant atmosphere. He attends the religious services at the School. Everything around him is Protestant. To counteract influence so powerful is no easy matter, and it is not at all to be wondered at if sometimes our Catholic children are found to be possessed of some crooked notions.

In teaching them we are at a great disadvantage. As it has been in the past, the Catechist was only beginning to see what course of action he should pursue when he was called away, and then another took his place, groped around in the dark for a while, accomplished a little, and then moved on in his turn to make room for a successor. An idea lately suggested itself which when carried out will, in some degree at least, do away with this inconvenience. As yet it is only in its first flower, but I trust that it will not be nipped in the bud, like many another good thing. Since we must move on, why not try at least to concentrate our efforts, thought one of the Catechists to himself, and thus originated the idea of writing what may be styled a '*Ratio Studiorum*' for the instruction of Deaf-Mutes. This will be, briefly, a book containing all the helps and devices which the Catechists have found useful in the imparting of their lessons. In the matter of education Deaf-Mutes require a treatment differing somewhat from that which hearing children get. Their teachers generally learn these methods by the experience of years, but as Ours, to repeat it once more, are deprived of this benefit, our book proposes to compensate this loss to the individual, by putting at his disposal the united experience of all the Catechists. When this idea becomes a thing of reality a big step will have been made in the progress of our mission. Then one Catechist will no longer be tearing down what another has built up, neither will they all begin at the same place and go over the same ground, accomplishing little, but each one taking up the work where his predecessor has left it, will carry it on in a definite way.

If in the course of this letter I have said comparatively little about the actual work that has been done, it has not been without a purpose. I could have spoken about our First Communion and Confirmation class, or about the 'Mutual Help Society' started by two of our boys, the good influence of which has been felt throughout the whole Institution. A few words on the sign-language, and on the manual-alphabet,—pompously called the science of dactylol-

ogy,—might have proved interesting; but above all—and I regret that here I have been obliged to be silent—would I have spoken about the Mission for Deaf-Mutes which was begun last January in Baltimore, and which we consider an off-shoot of our own, in as much as it owes its origin to one of our boys, and was partly assisted by our co-operation. But as I could not talk about everything, I have preferred to overlook the past, and to see what are our prospects for the future.

And here it may be allowed me to leave our own 'little mission', and in concluding say a few words about the condition of the unfortunate Deaf in this country. The Deaf-Mute population of the United States is estimated at 40,000. It is not improbable that 10,000 at least are Catholics. The work of their education is for the most part in the hands of Protestants, and the efforts which are being made for the spiritual good of the Catholics are, I may venture the assertion, not very great. I cannot better close than by quoting the words of one, to whose opinion the experience of several years gives some weight: 'The Protestants are educating our Deaf-Mute boys and girls, and are making every effort to attach them to themselves, and they succeed only too well. They have societies, and social gatherings and clubs, and Bible classes, and lectures, entertainments, festivals and what not—and we have,—well, just about nothing. Our Catholic Deaf-Mutes are losing their faith and are growing up a generation of unbelieving children—unbelieving, because they know no better.' It has been my aim in this letter, not so much to show forth our own petty deeds, as to call attention to the rich harvest which is ready for the reaper among our Catholic Deaf-Mutes, and if my remarks excite in the heart of any one a desire to do something for this doubly unfortunate class of persons, be it only to offer a little prayer for their salvation, I shall be fully satisfied.

I am yours in Xt.,

G. A. H., S. J.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Thomas A. Haggerty.

From *The Xavier.*

Mr. Thomas A. Haggerty died at Spring Hill, near Mobile, January 18th, 1887. He was born in Brooklyn and came to St. Francis Xavier's College in 1869. He entered the Introductory Class, from which he was promoted to First Grammar. After successfully passing through all the College classes, he was graduated in 1874. Throughout the course he was remarkable for the interest he took in all the College exercises and entertainments. In 1872, while in Poetry, he composed a play which was successfully presented by the members of his class to a large audience in the College Hall.

After graduation, he spent two years in Troy Seminary, but feeling that he was called to the religious life, in 1877 he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Manresa, on the Hudson. Teaching is one of the main features of the life of a Jesuit, and to this work he was sent after his philosophical studies at Woodstock. The first year of Regency was passed at Georgetown College, D. C. The next two were devoted to the interests of his *Alma Mater.* His pupils remember well the many devices their fond teacher had for arousing their interest in study. To them, as well as to many of the students of St. Francis Xavier's, the 'Grindstone' and 'Pælestra', are familiar names. But Mr. Haggerty's usefulness was not confined to the class-room. The Students' Library owes him much, for he was indefatigable in enlarging it; and his good taste and wide knowledge of authors and books made him peculiarly well fitted for this work. Quick to perceive a want, he was not slow supplying the deficiency when he could.. Hence, at the expense of many hours of hard labor, he gave the Library a well-arranged Catalogue. While thus engaged in furthering the interests of the College and devoted to the work assigned him by his Superiors, he contracted a cold which slowly undermined his health. When schools closed last June, he was obliged to go to the hospital. But physicians thinking a change of air would improve him, his Superiors sent him to Spring Hill, Alabama, where it soon became evident that he was wasting away with quick consumption. Throughout, he bore his sufferings patiently and prepared himself with great care for the final struggle. Reconciled to the will of God, he calmly expired pronouncing the holy name of Jesus. He will long be remembered for his kind disposition and constant wish to make all about him happy. His charity endeared him to all who knew him.—R. I. P.

Father A. de Brisack.

From the *Revista Cattolica* and the *Amigo de la Verdad.*

On the 8th of May Fr. de Brisack died in the College of San Juan de Nepomuceno, in Saltillo, Mexico. On the night of May the 5th he was attacked by a severe bilious cholic, which in spite of all the efforts of the doctors became rapidly more severe and dangerous. Seeing the progress the malady was making it was determined to give him the last Sacraments, which he accordingly received with great fervor at 8 o'clock in the morning. Towards evening he became much worse, and in a short time, after a brief and peaceful agony, death relieved him from his sufferings.

Fr. de Brisack was fifty years of age at the time of his death and had lived thirty years in the Society, sixteen of which had been passed in the Republic of Mexico. By birth he was a Belgian. He entered the society in Belgium on the 13th of March, 1857, and came to Mexico in 1871. The College of the Sacred Heart in Puebla, of which he was Rector for many years, will not forget for a long time what it owes to his wisdom, prudence and energy. About a year before his death he had been appointed vice-Rector of our College at Saltillo.

In his last illness Fr. de Brisack displayed the virtues he had been practising during life; his conformity to the will of God was notable and a source of edification to those who dealt with him. During his stay at Saltillo he endeared himself very much to the pupils of the College. Besides being their Rector, he also taught some of the classes of the College. All of them desired to pay a last visit to his body before its burial and on the day following his death went to communion for the repose of his soul. Fr. Brisack's death was as much felt by externs as it was by those within the college walls. His funeral was attended by many of the schools of the city, and by a large number of prominent citizens.—R. I. P.

VARIA.

Albania.—(*Extract from a letter of Fr. Pasi to Fr. Socius*) '*Scutari, April the 4th*, 1887. DEAR FATHER, P. C. We have just started two Fathers on a roving mission among the Mountains of Albania. They are accomplishing a great amount of good among the poor neglected inhabitants of that region.

You may find a detailed account of the field opened to these missionaries from the *Eco di Lourdes*. We are busy now in organizing a beneficial Society and hospital in this town, which will supply a long-felt want. If we only possessed more means we could accomplish an immense amount of good for the glory of God here. This year there was a revolt against Ours in the Seminary at Ragusa. There were two factions in the town-the Italian and the Sclavs. The latter gained the ascendency, and carried matters with a high hand. Rev. Fr. Provincial hastened to the spot and desired to remove all of Ours at once. With this object he proposed a number of conditions to the Bishop, which he hoped his Lordship would not accept; however, they were accepted and some fifteen students were expelled, two professors, secular priests, who were the prime movers of the revolt were discharged, the Director of the Seminary was removed and thus the affair was settled. We were on the point of being obliged to close our College in Scutari, as the Sultan showed himself unfavorable to the Society. The order was issued that all the Jesuit Colleges which had been opened without the sanction of the Government, were to be closed. However, last month, thanks to the intercession of the Holy Father, this order was revoked.'

'Many of our readers have been inclined to think that the description lately given of the deplorable ignorance of the Albanian mountaineers in matters of religion has been exaggerated. They are loth to believe it possible that a country so closely situated to Italy and possessing a great number of churches and pastors could be in such a condition as described in the letters of the missionaries. We desire to assure these worthy people that there has been no exaggeration, in fact, far from exceeding the truth, the accounts hitherto given have not shown fully how widespread and profound is the ignorance of this neglected race. All the Fathers engaged in missionary work here will testify to this. The mountaineers are ignorant of the very rudiments of the Christian religion. Only a few can be found among them who are capable of repeating the *pater noster* and *ave maria*. An Albanian about fifty years of age who admitted that he was unable to repeat the *pater noster* came to our church regularly every Sunday until he had learnt the ordinary prayers. Another about thirty-eight years old, who had lived principally among the Turks, came to us daily for religious instruction. We were obliged to begin by teaching him how to make the sign of the cross. Last year the Bishop while making his visitation found to his great distress that in a certain neighborhood the people were ignorant of the very name of the Crucified. Holding up a crucifix he requested them to tell him who was thus represented upon the cross. None of his audience were able to reply; finally a certain one arose and said it was St. Anthony and seemed extremely proud of his knowledge. A few months ago an Albanian presented himself at our church to receive Holy Communion. He seemed to expect it, standing up at the rail. When the priest told him to kneel, he endeavored to take the Sacred Host with his hand. Some one near by then whispered to him how he should receive it. Few can be induced to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction on account of a popular superstition among them to the effect that once they have been anointed they will never more be able to walk or go on any freebooting expeditions. Brigandage is one of our greatest obstacles; whole neighborhoods are addicted to it. The Mirdati declare that it is allowed, and assert that in the Gospel of St. Mark theft is permitted thrice in a year. They claim, moreover, that the clergy suppress this passage in the Gospel and keep it secret from the people. The real great cause of this condition is that these mountaineers live in small settlements, and for the most part remote from their churches. Thus the pastors can only gain access to their charges with extreme difficulty. Children frequently reach the age of eight or nine

years without Baptism. Very few ever make their First Communion until they marry. In this region in order to accomplish any good the missionary must be constantly on the march, catechizing and conferring the Sacraments at every available opportunity. Having given you this sketch of our situation let me close by begging your interest and prayers for the Albanian Mission.'—*From the Eco di Lourdes.*

Armenia, Mersivan.—That our missionaries in this country are not exempt from 'perils of robbers,' as St. Paul says, is evident from the following. In travelling from Mersivan to Chorum Fr. Chauvets fell into the hands of Circassian highwaymen. As they were dressed in bright uniforms and affected a dignified bearing, the good Father believed that they were revenue officers, especially when they stated that they wished to inspect his baggage. But what was his surprise when they took, one by one, not only the blankets and the articles of clothing in the coach, but also the chalice and the ciborium and all the necessaries for the celebration of Mass! Not yet satisfied they ordered him to give up his money. 'Fine officers you are,' he said, 'you have taken all I have and now you want money besides.' The robbers, then, knocked him down and took his purse, but as it contained only five francs, they levelled their rifles at him and threatened to kill him, if he would not surrender all. Fr. Chauvets thought his hour had come and made the sign of the cross, commending his soul to God. But after a momentary suspense, they raised their pieces at the command of the chief; for he had meanwhile become convinced of his mistake in supposing that his victim had come from Constantinople and not from Mersivan. Another moment and Fr. Chauvets was alone, free to grieve over his loss, but also to rejoice over his personal safety.

Seevas.—At Seevas, the ancient Sebaste, our Fathers occupy a building which was erected in the thirteenth century by one of the Seljukian princes. It was used for several centuries as a school by the Mohammedans, and the walls of dressed stone together with all the Byzantine ornaments in marble have been kept in good condition. Now it is a school once more, and the eagerness of the pupils to receive instruction from the missionaries gives good hope of their learning very rapidly the sweet lessons of the Gospel. No wonder, therefore, that frequent opposition is raised, owing, no doubt, to the machinations of the evil one. Lately, when a party in the city which is anything but friendly to the Europeans, had come into power, orders were issued that the missionaries should leave their school within ten days or be driven out by force. The French consul promised his protection; but on the very morning when the orders were to be enforced, the new governor of the district arrived, and as he favored the school of the Fathers, all danger was averted and the good work continued.—*Katholische Missionen.*

Cairo.—At this place there is a large and well-ordered Seminary with a good corps of teachers. There are 255 students, and a College will soon be built. The little Coptic school has been taken, and there the seminarians attend class. The Thursday congregation of Coptic women, Marionites and Syrians, is under Fr. Rolland's care; the Sunday congregation is made up of Coptic young men and Syrians. The larger Seminary has six seminarians. The course of Theology is made in Arabic. It is followed by seven or eight priests and schismatic deacons, lately converted. Five will come from the Convent of St. Anthony, which was visited by Father Jullien, two years ago. It appears that, since then, a movement was started among the monks, many of whom have presented themselves to the Patriarch in order to be converted. A monk was sent out in order to bring them back, but he, after some reflection, saw the light, and remained with the Patriarch. Bishop Beshai has returned after an absence of eight years, much to the joy and happiness of the Coptic people.—*Chinese Letters.*

Cardinal Franzelin.—In his will, he desired to be buried without display like a religious. He left no money for Masses, trusting that the Society would not forget him. He begs others to be mindful of him, and to recommend him to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, into whose hands he commends his soul and salvation.

Cincinnati.—Fr. Higgins, President of St. Xavier College, gave a lecture at the request of the St. Xavier Conference on 'The True Philosophy of the Land Question', in which he exposed and refuted the fallacies of Henry George.

The lecture gave such satisfaction to those who heard it that Fr. Higgins was induced to publish it in pamphlet form. It is sold by the St. Xavier Conference for the benefit of the poor.—The students of St. Xavier College have started a College paper called the *The Collegian*. A sketch of St. Xavier College gives the first issue a more than local interest.

China.—In the *Revue des deux Mondes* (December the 15th, 1886), there is an article on the Catholic Missions in China. 'The aim of the missionaries,' says the writer, 'is to render themselves useful, in order to make the Chinese love one another, their country and their religion; this object has not yet been reached. However, at Zi-ka-wei, the Jesuits have succeeded; inspired with the traditions of their predecessors, they have opened a College, built an observatory, where the director, Rev. Fr. Dechevrens, pursues his remarkable studies on the typhoons . . . . It is only by means of the sciences that we can act upon the people in power. By the practical and intelligent manner in which they direct their missions the Jesuits have secured the first place in China.' The writer goes on to praise the custom among the missionaries of returning once a year to the headquarters of the mission to remain a few weeks in order to gain new strength.

In the Chinese Missions, there are at present engaged, 35 Bishops, 523 European priests, 328 native priests, and 540,502 converts. Of these, 2 bishops, 103 European priests, and 37 Chinese priests are of the Society, and 135,694 Christians are under our care. In round numbers one fifth of the missionaries of China are Jesuits, and one fifth of the Christians in the Chinese Empire are under their direction.

It has beeen decided to publish monthly in Chinese a Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Fr. Li is director; his assistants are Fathers Chen-re, Gni and Hiu.—Fr. Ravary writes that at Long-ka-dou the work among the apprentices is progressing. At the last reunion, there were nearly 50, of whom 15 or 16 were new-comers from Pou-tong. Already places have been obtained in our neigborhood for about 30, on the following conditions: 1) that they are not obliged to take part in any superstitious practices in the shops; 2) that they be given three hours of rest on Sundays, in order to attend Mass; and 3) a complete exemption from work on the four great holidays. The pagans are glad to accede to these conditions in order to get our Christians to work for them.—*Chinese Letters.*

England. — Father Perry has recently been placed, by the Academia Romana Pontificia de Nuovi Lincei. '*Fra i suoi socii ordinarii.*' This is the oldest scientific society in existence. Only thirty home members are admitted; ten foreign members have just been added at the desire of his Holiness. The honor conferred upon Fr. Perry was communicated to him by special diploma. It had been unanimously decided upon at a special meeting of the society.—Fr. Perry has accepted Dr. Bredichin's invitation to observe the total solar eclipse in August next at his residence near Moscow. The feast of our newly beatified English martyrs will be celebrated on Dec. 1st, under the title in the Ordo, *B. Edmundus cum sociis ejus.*

Fr. Boscovich.—The Academy of Vienna intends to have a special meeting for the celebration of the centenary of the death of Father Boscovich. A similar ceremony will take place at Ragusa, his native place.

Fr. C. Braun and the Red Sunsets. — In 1885 H. H. Warner, Founder of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, New York, announced a prize of $200 for the best essay (3000 words) giving an explanation of the red twilights observed towards the close of '83 and during the whole of '84. Thirty-six competitors sent in papers from all parts of the world. Among them was Father C. Braun, S. J., of Mariaschein. Owing to the unexpectedly large number of papers received, Mr. Warner generously added to his first prize several gold medals, each valued at $60. The face of the medal bears the inscription: '*H. H. Warner medal for Scientific Discovery awarded to . . . .*' On the reverse are seen an active volcano on an island and the setting sun, the whole encircled by the twelve signs of the zodiac. Last January one of these medals was sent to Fr. Braun. Not long after he received a communication from one of the judges, in which the writer stated that he had judged Fr. Braun's explanation the best and that most likely the other judges would have done the same, if he (Fr. Braun) had not gone so much beyond the allowed length.

Frederick. — On Sunday, April the 24th, St. John's Church, Frederick, Md., celebrated the 50th Anniversary of its solemn dedication. This was the first Church in the United States to become entirely free of debt, and consequently, the first to be consecrated. Its founder was the venerable Fr. John Mc Elroy. At the celebration Very Rev. Fr. Provincial and Fr. R. W. Brady, S. J., were present. Fr. Pardow, Socius, preached.

Fr. Passaglia.—'Fr. Passaglia died Saturday, March 12th, at 7. A.M. from paralysis of the throat after an illness of seven days. From the beginning of his illness he manifested with great fervor the faith he had never denied, and the Immaculate Virgin, whose image he always kept by his bed, did not fail him in his last days. The Curé of San Carlo, to whose parish he belonged, was called for by the invalid and he came promptly and attended him with great zeal and charity. On the morning of March 8th, Fr. Passaglia made a solemn retractation and reparation of the scandal he had given and begged pardon of God and of the Pope. He then made his confession, and shortly after noon on the same day received the viaticum, which was publicly carried to him from the parish church of San Carlo. Soon after, the Cardinal Archbishop visited him, and in his presence Fr. Passaglia repeated his retractation in a loud voice so that all in the house could hear him, and with so much earnestness and fervor that the Cardinal was obliged to restrain him. During the remaining five days he constantly repeated the same sentiments, and wished that they should be communicated to his Holiness, Leo XIII. His will was most edifying. He left his property to the College of Artizans of St. Joseph at Turin with bequests to the poor of Cottolengo and to the three parishes of Camiana where he used to spend the Autumn. He ordered that all his manuscripts should be placed in the hands of the Cardinal Archbishop as a last token of his veneration towards his Eminence, and that he might end his life with a proof of his submission to Ecclesiastical authority. Fr. Passaglia came to Turin in 1860 and shortly afterwards was appointed professor of Moral Philosophy in the university of that city. In his teaching he was always orthodox. He combated divorce and frequently spoke of the Immaculate Virgin and of Paradise. May God receive him in the great embrace of his infinite mercy.'—*Unita Cattolica.*

In a later number of the *Unita Cattolica* the secretary of the Archbishop published the following.

'Before administering the sacraments, the rector of San Carlo, Fr. Faccio of the Servants of Mary, according to the duties incumbent on him in his priestly office, made careful examination into Fr. Passaglia's state of mind, and was fully satisfied that his penitent was well disposed. Among other matters, Passaglia informed him that in October 1882, he had transmitted through a former brother in religion to the august hands of the Pope an explicit apology for the conduct which had led to the scandal and defection of many, and for whatever he had done and written that might be displeasing to the Pope and the Church. He added that the form of said submission had been proposed to him by the Holy See, and that he knew it would be favorably received. But, recognizing that he had not fulfilled the conditions which Rome in accepting his submission had prescribed, he now saw that it was his duty to confirm wholly and entirely the declaration of 1882. In addition to this, he pronounced before Fr. Faccio, and set his hand to the following declaration:

'"I, Charles Passaglia, a priest, before receiving the holy Sacraments as a preparation to meet death, attest that I sincerely retract whatever the Church has disapproved of in me. *Turin, March* 8th, 1887."'

India. — Last December (1886), there were at St. Mary's College, 457 students, 187 being boarders: at the orphan asylum, at Baudona, 280; at St. Xavier's College, 1329. Judge West, a Protestant, vice-chancellor of the University of Bombay, was present at a play (*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*), given by the students before a large audience. He spoke in high praise of the College, saying that Catholics alone could produce such results. Alluding to Lord Ripon, he said: 'That eminent viceroy, that great man, has done much towards the advancement of Christian education, and the interest of the empire. I regret to be unable myself to do as much, because my position is lower. The government owes much to this College, and I hope that the Rev. Fathers will always make their scholars loyal subjects and good Christians.' Alas! we have not yet made a single convert in all our schools. — *Chinese Letters.*

The Fathers belonging to the mission of Calcutta have, with the permission of the Propaganda, purchased some square miles of territory extending from Kurseong to the base of the Himalaya in the vicariate of the Capuchin Fathers. They will build there a Scholasticate to take the place of that at Asensole which is very unhealthy; it will be finished by October, 1887. The Novitiate, which is badly situated at Hazarebagh in the midst of jungles, will be transferred to Ranchi where the site is magnificent; here also will be placed the house for the Tertian Fathers.—*Jersey Letters.*

Jersey.—Fr. Noury has been unanimously elected honorary member of the Scientific Society of Jersey, for his learned work on the geology of the Island.

Macon, Georgia.—Pio Nono College with its forty-two acres is now our property and will hence-forward be known by the name of *St. Stanislaus.* Our Novices will come here next August. I am very much pleased with the place. It is just one mile outside of city limits, on an eminence commanding a view of the surrounding country, having a very healthy location and good water—a five story building, exteriorly looking like a factory, interiorly very commodious and spacious. There is plenty of room for Novices, Juniors and Tertian Fathers. The wing is 85 x 50 ft. and the main or centre building 75 x 35. The other wing is not built. The land is very good for vegetables and fruit trees and vineyard.—*Extract from a letter of Fr. Butler.*

Madura.—Diocese of Trichinopoly.—'Since the feast of St. Francis Xavier I have baptized 657 catechumens. If I had had more time their number would have been twice as great. Five new parishes have been formed; four others are expecting organization. Not a week passes but delegations arrive from distant villages; their request is always the same; 'Ten, twenty, thirty or forty families are ready to embrace the faith; come and take care of us.' The youngest of these parishes yet waiting for their reception into the Church, lies in the heart of the rich rice-fields. The population is so numerous that Cumampatty may be called a small city. My catechumens, about thirty families, are nearly all engaged in farming. The native landlord of a neighboring village had borne a deep hatred for many of my neophytes. As the poor people were unable effectually to escape the vengeance of this wealthy and influential man, they determined to become Christians. 'The missionary of Pudupatty,' they said, 'has taken the part of his neophytes at Seralpatty, he will protect us in like manner against our landlord.' I hesitated about receiving them on these conditions; for I preferred avoiding, if possible, all quarrel with a man of his standing, especially as my first congregation of 1872, lies within his district, and as I never yet had any occasion of complaint against him. The petitioners, however, gave all desirable evidence of sincerity and I resolved, in spite of my first misgivings, to comply with their request. That same evening, I received a visit from the landlord himself 'Father,' he said, 'I hear that the people of Cumampatty wish to be your disciples; if so, I am satisfied, for I hope through you to come to a friendly understanding with them. I confess I have treated them harshly; but the fault is not all my own, as you will see for yourself. Bring about an agreement with them, and I shall give a garden in their village, in which you may build your church.' Of course I accepted his offer most joyfully. I entered upon my office as peacemaker at once. Terms were agreed on after a week's discussion, and peace and harmony reigned. The rich man kept his promise; his garden was publicly deeded over to me and my congregation. At present the chapel is building; my neophytes pay half, and I have to pay the rest.' — *Extract from a Letter of Fr. Trincal, S. J., in Katholische Missionen.*

Spiritual ministrations of our Fathers, for 1885–86. Number of Christians, 166,459. Children baptized, belonging to Christian parents, 5,404. Pagan and heretical adults baptized, 1460. Pagans, adults and children baptized in articulo mortis, 7150. Confessions, 310,423. Communions, 295,877. Marriages, 1604. Extreme Unctions, 1255. Scholars at school, boys, 7894—girls, 1488.

Manitoba, St. Boniface.—'I send you to-day the Class and Honor lists of the Manitoba University for 1887. Our success surpasses everything ever seen here hitherto. The other Colleges and the collegiate Department of the Protestant schools presented about 80 candidates, of whom 29 received scholarships, i. e., not quite three-eighths attained eminence. We presented 8

candidates, of whom 7, i. e., seven-eighths attained eminence; and note that we did not pick and choose, we simply sent up *all* our students of Belles-Lettres and Philosophy. In the Preliminary Classics and Mathematics our students won three prizes out of six; while Manitoba College, which presented the bulk of candidates for this Preliminary Examination, gained only one scholarship (though to be honest, Manitoba's young lady distanced all competitors); and St. John's College and the collegiate Department have each only one scholarship. Our boys were 4 against 24=one-sixth, and yet came out 3 against 6=one-half. The only one of our students who has not secured a prize, had the highest number of marks for Latin and Greek combined, and failed, to secure a prize only because he was "third class" in Mathematics.—*Extract from a letter of Fr. Drummond.*

Naples.—The Society, which has been four times expelled from Naples, is rapidly regaining the position it occupied before its last expulsion in 1860. Besides five residences, it has a day school with 300 scholars, a boarding school with 80 or 90 boarders, and a Novitiate with a dozen novices and as many Juniors. The old Collegium Maximum of ante-suppression times has been out of our hands since 1773. It is now the University. On the wall as you enter was put up in 1873 a tablet to commemorate our suppression of a century before.—an inducement and invitation to all readers to trample on us, with a promise of a full measure of gratitude, a hundred years after date! In another part of the city is the new Gesù, a magnificent church; it contains the famous altar of St. Francis Hieronymo, beneath which are his sacred remains. In the University above mentioned, is shown the room St. Aloysius occupied for a short time, and in the Church is kept in veneration some of his blood. The Novitiate is a fine building on one of the heights in the northern part of the city. The house is rather small for the number (fifty) which it holds, but under present circumstances anything would be considered bearable. It is under the protection of the Card. Archbishop of Naples, and before the law, passes as a Seminary. Our biennists at Rome visited Naples during the Easter holidays, and were received with the greatest kindness by the Rector of the Novitiate. No pains were spared to make the visit a pleasant one for the 'two American Fathers.' They met there Frs. Valente and Piccirelli, formerly of Woodstock. The former is teaching Physics at our day-school, and the latter lectures to a small class of young priests, who are repeating their Theology.—Fr. Valente was unwell, but he rallied sufficiently to receive his visitors and sec to the arrangement of an American dinner for them. The Rev. Fr. Provincial, Fr. Conger, showed himself extremely kind to the visitors. He is a preacher of marked ability, and finds it possible to save time enough from his official duties, to devote himself regularly to his work of predilection. His sermons have been published in several volumes.

Necrology of the Society, 1886. — In the whole Society, during the year 1886, 234 died; of these 128 were Fathers, 36 Scholastics, 70 Brothers. The average age was 54.89. The percentage of those over 60 years of age, was 49.56. Out of 234 there were 19 over 80 years of age, and 1 over 90. There were 34 over 50 years in the Society. The percentage of each Province was:—

Aust. Hung...	0.90 per ct.	Champagne...	1.75 per ct.	N. Y. Maryl...	2.18 per ct.
Castile.....	1.05 "	Toulouse.....	1.86 "	Sicily	2.67 "
Aragon.....	1.16 "	Portugal	1.86 "	Turin.....	2.76 "
Rome.....	1.46 "	Holland	1.91 "	Lyons	2.76 "
England	1.50 "	Galicia	1.91 "	Missouri.....	3.10 "
France	1.63 "	Germany	2.05 "	Venice.....	5.67 "
Ireland.....	1.69 "	Toledo.....	2.09 "	Mexico.....	——
Belgium.....	1.75 "	New Orleans..	2.15 "	Zambesi	——

Paris.—Cardinal de Rende, Papal Nuncio, before leaving Paris, paid an official visit to our Fathers at Rue de Sevres. He was given a literary reception, which he himself closed by an address, in which he said, that if he had done any good in life he owed it to our Fathers, and that he did not hesitate to proclaim this to the world.

Peru.—Since the expulsion of the Jesuits a new scandal has taken place at Lima. The Papal arms, which adorned the entrance of the palace occupied by the Apostolic Delegate, were removed by force. An immediate protest

was made by the Nuncio; whereupon the government made due reparation and promised security for the future from such violence.—*Jersey Letters.*

Poland.—Fr. Joseph Holubowicz, editor of the *Catholic Missions* for Poland, is dead. He made his Theological studies at Louvain, where he arrived in the month of October, 1864, in company with Fr. Buchta, whom a sudden death carried off, May the 13th, 1885. Fr. Holubowicz was attacked by a cancer in the stomach, from which he suffered much for an entire year; he continued nevertheless, his arduous labors, until at length the malady terminated fatally. His death took place on Saturday, March the 5th, at half-past seven in the evening. He was buried on Monday, March the 7th, at 3 o'clock P. M. The attendance at his funeral was larger than that at the obsequies of any of Ours during many years past. Fr. Holubowicz was born Feb. the 20th, 1835, and entered the Society March the 25th, 1854.—*Jersey Letters.*

Rome.—The king has finally determined to leave the room of St. Stanislaus intact. He has accordingly given orders that the new street shall deviate so that the room may not be moved. The work of the canonization of Blessed Berchmans, Blessed Claver and Blessed Rodriguez, seems to be coming to an end. For all canonizations three Congregations are held. In the last Congregation the question is decided: '*Num tuto ad canonizationem procedi possit.*' Already the first Congregation has been held. The rest will be held in the following order: 2nd Congregation for Blessed Berchmans, March the 22nd; for Blessed Claver, July the 12th; for Blessed Rodriguez, August the 4th. The cause of Blessed Claver was to have been the first examined, but a difficulty arose, with regard to the two miracles brought forward. One of the physicians conceded both miracles, the other denied one; hence a third physician will be called in to decide the case. As a delay is therefore necessary, the cause of Blessed Berchmans will be decided first. Unless a war should break out it is hoped that the canonizations will take place on the 6th of Jan., 1888.

Thebaid.— Fr. Charles de Dianoux has been commissioned by the Propaganda to found a mission in upper Thebaid, in the desert made famous and sanctified by Saints Paul, Anthony and Pacomius.—*Univers.*

U. S. of Colombia. — A College has been begun, at Bogata, under the auspices of Archbishop Telesphore Paul, S. J., and another at Medellin. Besides these, our Fathers have charge of the Seminary near Pasto belonging to Bishop Velasco, S. J. Colleges, residences and missions are offered to our Fathers, but they cannot accept for want of subjects. The Republic has given us back our old College of San Bartolomé. At the opening it had many pupils. At present it has 140 boarders and 200 day-scholars. A Novitiate was opened on the 2nd of February.—One of the old missions of our Fathers among the Indians that live on the banks of the Caqueta and Putumayo in Colombia, is about to be reopened. Mgr. Velasco, S. J., who is helping on this blessed undertaking, includes this mission within the limits of his diocese.

Venezuela.—In Venezuela under the government of the Freemason Gusman Blanco, we have neither house nor residence; Ours are not allowed to enter the country under the pain of imprisonment or even a worse penalty. Our College and residence at Porto-Rico have been closed, owing to the warfare carried on against us by the Freemason professors of the Civil Institute. Of the expelled Fathers some are in Spain, others in Peru and Bolivia.—*Jersey Letters.*

Zambesi. — St. Aidan's numbers more boys this year than for the last three years. The work of converting the Kaffirs is as slow as ever. Some of the missioners speak hopefully of the work with Lo-Benguela. It is rumored (Feb. the 22nd), that the Boers of the Transvaal, Bechaunaland, and Stellaland intend making an incursion into his territory to put an end to his tyrannical power. His great fault in their eyes is his constancy in refusing to permit them to dig for gold in his dominions; his overthrow would not sadden the missioners, as he persistently opposes the work of the Fathers. At Dumbrody, there are 19 studying Philosophy: 8 in the third year; 5 in the second and 6 in the first. There are only 2 in Theology. There are 2 schools; the boys' school numbers 16; and the girls,' has 10 pupils. The girls' school

is directed by 2 pious German ladies. All this is at the expense of the mission. The boys have to give some help by working in the garden, kitchen, etc. Many are learning trades. This is the principal hope. There is besides, a small gathering of baptized families, and catechumens. Instructions are given in Dutch, Hottentot and Kaffir. There are 10 Kaffir families of catechumens. The church, which is very small, will be rebuilt.

Home News.—The Spring Disputations took place on the 29th and 30th of April.

DE VIRTUTIBUS INFUSIS.—The *Defender* was Mr. T. Rinck; the *Objectors* were Messrs. M. Eicher and E. de la Morinière.

DE MATRIMONIO.—*Defender*, Mr. L. Kavanagh; *Objectors*, Messrs. J. L. Smith and D. Mahony.

Mr. J. Zwinge read a dissertation on 'The Authenticity of Dan. iii.'

ETHICS. — *Defender*, Mr. J. Deck; *Objectors*, Messrs. M. Sullivan and L. Van Ree.

PSYCHOLOGY. — *Defender*, Mr. J. Dawson; *Objectors*, Messrs. P. Faget and H. Post.

ONTOLOGY.—*Defender*, Mr. W. Fanning; *Objectors*, Messrs. M. Kane and J. Meyer.

Mr. E. Corbett read an essay on 'Glaciers and the Glacial Period'; Mr. M. J. Hollohan read an essay on 'The Timbre of Sounds,' and the experiments were performed by Messrs. H. Casten and J. Kuhlman.

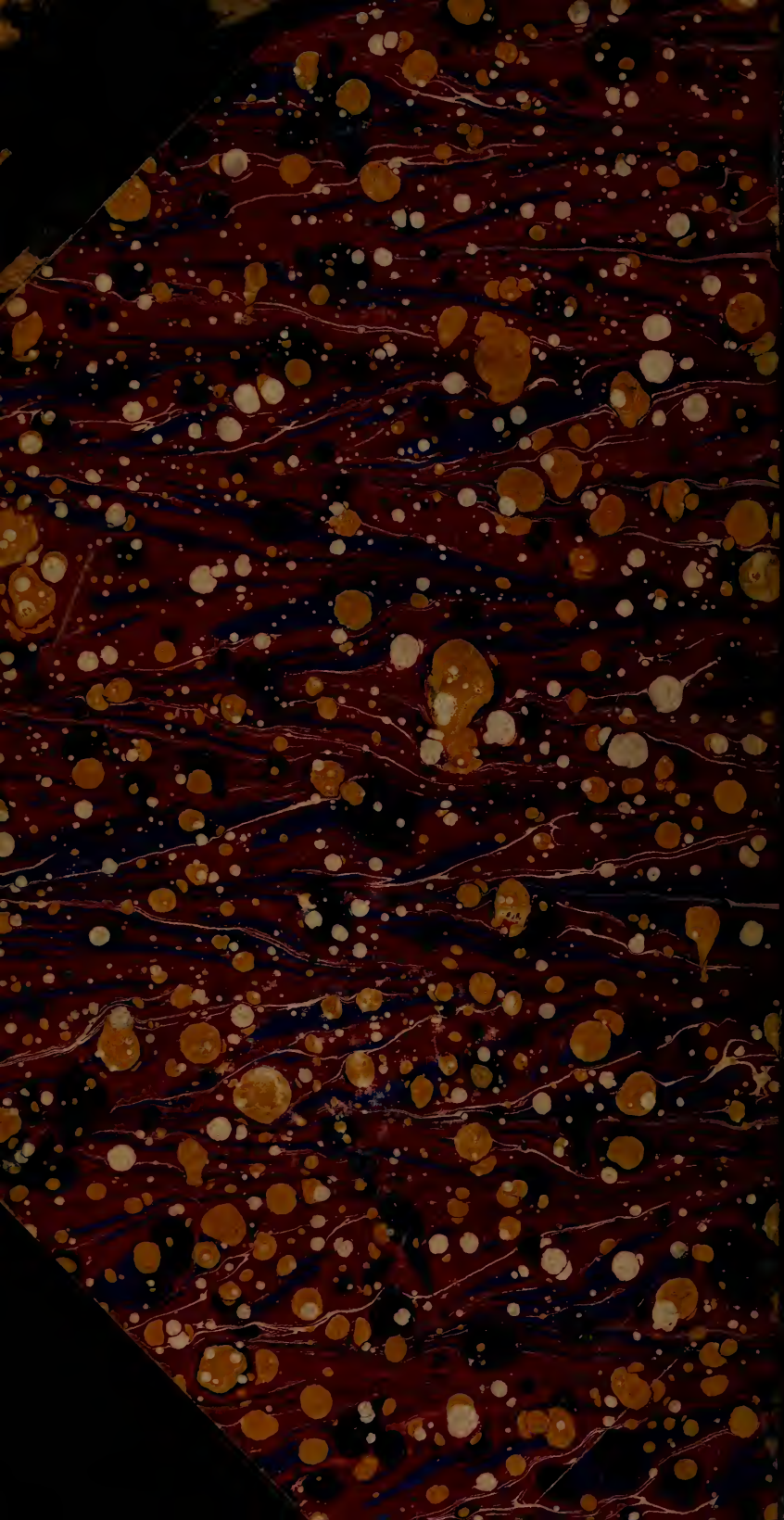
During the year Messrs. McNamara, Fink and Fagan, who were obliged to interrupt their studies on account of ill health, were ordained; Mr. McNamara, on Dec. 18th in Baltimore by Cardinal Gibbons; Mr. Fagan, on March 12th in Brooklyn by Bishop Loughlin; Mr. Fink, on April 6th in Baltimore by Bishop Curtis. Mr. Van Rensselaer was ordained on May 31st in New York by Archbishop Corrigan.

Compendium Theologiæ Moralis—A revised edition of Fr. Sabetti's *Moral Theology*, printed in new type, has just been issued from our press. Many improvements have been made upon the first edition. Running titles of chapters have been put at the head of the page, where before the titles of the treatise only appeared. The latest decrees of the Roman Congregations have been used, and references to recent works on Moral have been added. The Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore have been used and applied to the solution of questions affecting this country. The book is for sale by F. Pustet & Co., Nos. 50 and 52 Barclay St., New York.

To those familiar with the surroundings of Woodstock College, it may be of interest to know that the barn and its accessories have been removed to a position across the road from the gate-house that is near the mortuary chapel. The ground on which it stood will be beautified as are the other parts of the hill on which the College is built.

The *Carmina Leonis XIII* have been re-issued by Hill and Harvey, 111 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md., with an introductory life of the Holy Father by Fr. Piccirillo.

D. O. M.

ERRATA.

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